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PLAYBOY

SEX STARS OF THE YEAR

AUSTRALIA'S BEST BARS

GRIDIRON MADE EASY

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW TONY GREIG ON OZ CRICKET, PACKER AND SOUTH AFRICA

TOURIST TRAPS HOW AUSSIES GET RIPPED OFF OVERSEAS

ROCK'N' ROLL IS IT WORTH THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE?

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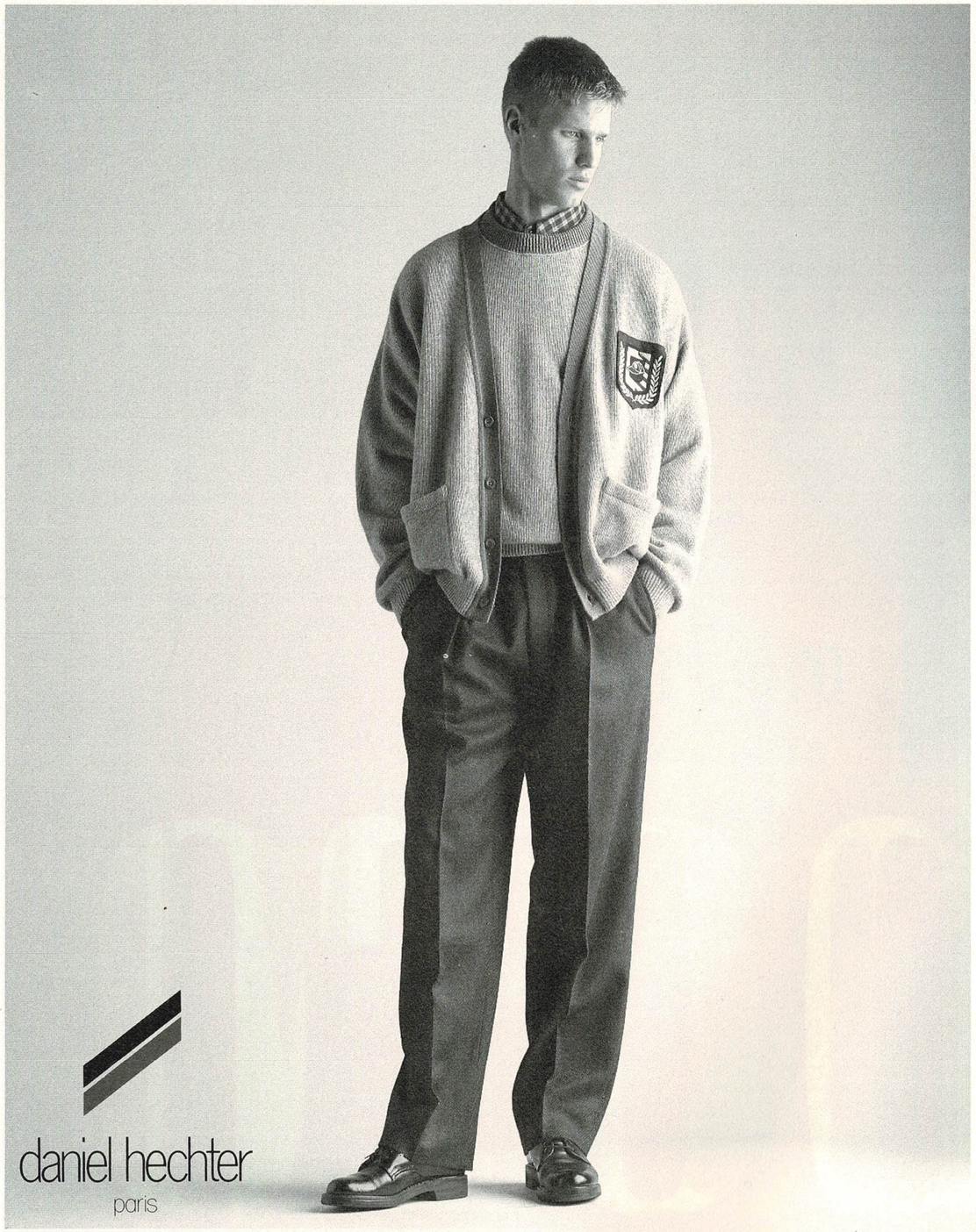

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PLAYBILL

Made all those New Year resolutions? Ready to break them? Okay, you're our kind of reader. In our first issue of Australian PLAYBOY for 1986 we've decided to test your resistance to beautiful women, potent cocktails, Australia's best bars, ripper Party Jokes, raunchy rock'n'roll and showbiz's sexiest stars. We just know you're going to break down.

Our Playboy Interview subject for this month is former English cricket captain, insurance wizard and ace commentator Tony Greig. We dispatched senior contributing editor **Phil Jarratt** to bowl a few curly ones to this controversial cricketing authority. Greig replies in fine form with his views on Packer's World Series Cricket, the turmoil in South Africa and the present state of Australian cricket.

Meanwhile, **Steve Bunk,** an American writer now living in Sydney, was assigned the task of putting together an easy-to-follow guide to American football. His *Grappling With Gridiron* article sorts out the cowboys from the indians, explains the tactics of the game and decodes the baffling terminology of this ritualistic sport.

Gareth Powell has been unravelling a rather different sort of problem. Why do all those bar owners, touts, good-time girls and taxi drivers in such lovely places as Paris and Hong Kong feel obliged to rip off dinkum Aussie tourists? Most of them try and most of them succeed. In his *Tourist Traps,* Powell recalls a few memorable incidents from his own travels and points out some of the pitfalls lurking in wait for Aussie innocents abroad.

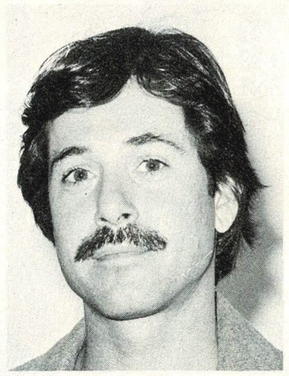
Wondering where the best places in Australia are to go for a drink, perhaps a bit of entertainment, good company and plenty of available talent? Our *Australia's Best Bars* survey, compiled by **Susan Kurosawa** with the assistance of readers from around the country, gives the lowdown on the best Aussie drinking spots. And we've included a list of the best and the worst pick-up lines to be heard there. Be prepared to take notes.

Specialist rock'n'roll writer **Greg Taylor** has put together a feature on the Oz rock industry. Is joining a pop group the sure-fire way to success? Do you actually stand to make more money digging roads? Check out Taylor's *Beats Workin'* for all the answers. The crackerjack artwork is by **Geoff Kelly.** While on the subject of money, lots of money, it's 20 years since a group of English crims pulled off the Great Train Robbery. Ronnie Biggs, of course, got away after a short stint in Wandsworth Prison, had his face rearranged, lived in Melbourne for a bit and finally wound up in Brazil. He recently threw a gala party to celebrate two decades of freedom and **Russell McPhedran** was there to record the event in words and pictures. Biggs says he's planning a party for his silver anniversary in 1990. His partners in crime will just be getting out of jail by then!

The real test of your New Year resolve will come when you turn to our January selection of wonderful women. First there's lovely Linda, a fun-loving girl who adores Australia and who's been photographed in a selection of her favorite outdoor places by **John Kelly.** Stunning Regina Wild is our Playmate Of The Month, we have an award-winning line-up of Sex Stars Of The Year, and a provocative pictorial featuring a new French sex kitten, Carol Ficatier.

Then there's a new piece of fiction by leading novelist **Paul Theroux,** our usual quality assembly of up-front columns, and a decadent photographic essay on the sexiest array of see-through fashion in the world. We challenge you to keep even one of those New Year resolutions. Welcome to 1986!

McPHEDRAN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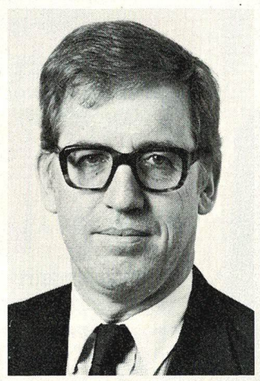
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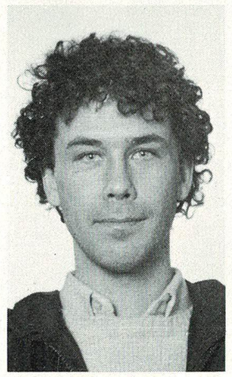
JOHN KELLY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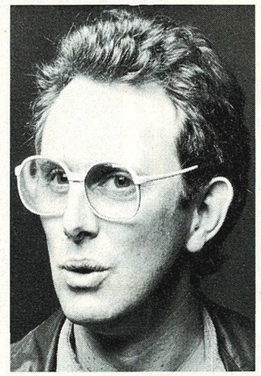
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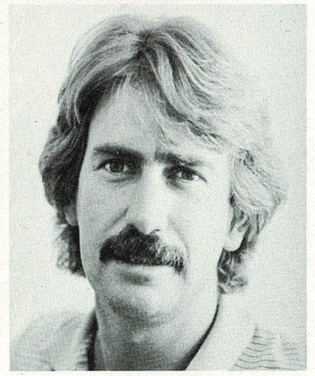
JARRATT

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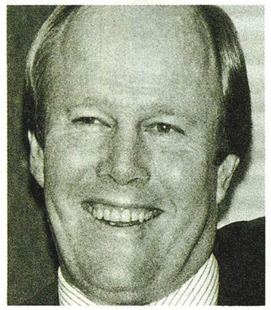

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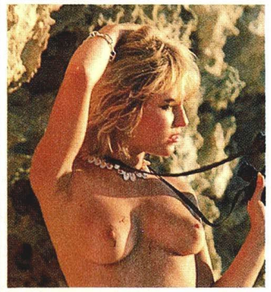

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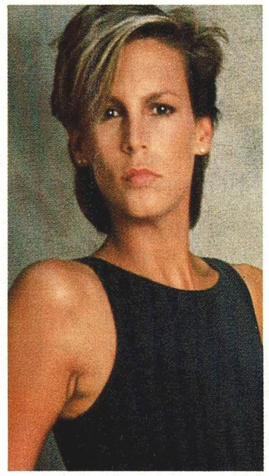

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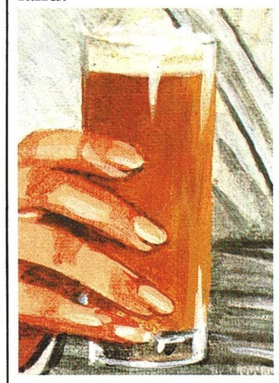

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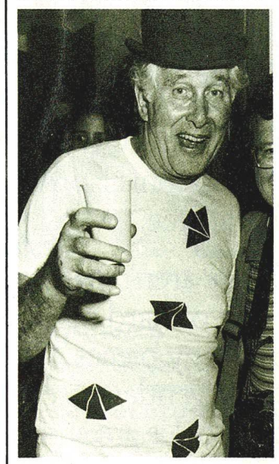

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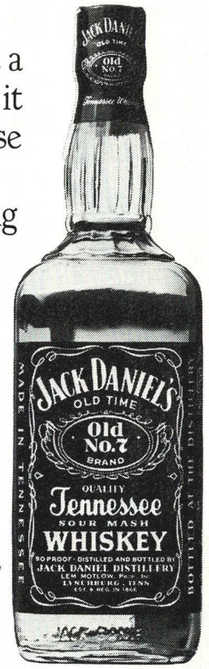
JANUARY 1986 • COVER: LINDA KRIJGSMAN. PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN KELLY

BATEMAN, BURNS AND BRANCH sound like Philadelphia lawyers. Actually, they're rickers from Tennessee.

There aren't many men who can take a stack of hard maple wood and burn it into tiny pieces of charcoal. But these three gentlemen can. And, after the charcoal is ground and packed into big vats, they make sure our whiskey is gentled down through it. If you're wondering what accounts for Jack Daniel's smoothness, give the credit to this charcoal. But don't overlook a trio of rickers named Bateman, Burns and Branch.



If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A. AB4153/85 JWT644.P287K1

AUSTRALIAN
PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

Address your letters to Dear Playboy, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010.

TIME FOR SOUL-SEARCHING

I was somewhat concerned by Peter Schneidas's *Solitary Man* articles in the August and September issues of Australian PLAYBOY.

This man obviously has a lot of problems and is looking for somewhere to hang the blame. Rather than hang it all on the prison system, I think a bit of personal soul-searching on Mr Schneidas's part would not go astray.

Sure, I'd be the first to admit that our corrective services establishment is far from perfect but the fact still remains that this man has broken the law and must pay by serving his time.

Or is Schneidas suggesting he be rapped over the knuckles and warned against further unlawful acts? Come on, Schneidas, wake up to yourself. You can't be a little boy all your life.

Also, has Schneidas made any suggestions as to how to improve the system or is he just out to criticise? I believe the world has enough negativity.

We need some positive suggestions on how to improve our lot.

B. Hughes,
Coal Point, NSW.

RUSSIAN ROULETTE

Read your article in November titled *Coming The Raw Prawn* and reckon you should take a trip to the west coast sometime and check out the shipping shenanigans in the Indian Ocean. They make your story look like a bad day in a bathtub.

Mind you, it's not always the Russkies; there are a lot of near international incidents and often with friendly nations. Shipping companies are always taking short cuts and it's usually small boat operators such as your fishermen, or yacht charter firms, that have to do the dodging when it comes to playing chicken on the high seas.

It's about time the relevant Australian government authorities took a long, hard look at how the shipping routes around our coast are managed.

There seems to have been a blind eye turned to enforcing regulations, and what goes on up on those giant container ships' bridges is anyone's guess. The crews certainly aren't watching where they're going a lot of the time.

I support a call for more action in this area. Good on you, Australian PLAYBOY, for bringing out into the open the lassitude of Australian shipping authorities in these matters.

J.T. Webb,
Fremantle, WA.

CAN'T WALK AWAY

All right, you guys, I read what you said about Rene Stephens in the November issue. You said that if we, the readers, were to come across Rene, we wouldn't walk away. Well I'm a reader and I'm not going anywhere until I see another photo of her!

Also, it's pretty exciting stuff that someone as lovely as Rene is living in my city. I'm walking the streets day and night until I find her! The least you can do for me is to run a picture. Please.

Adam Melville,
Surry Hills, NSW.

NAUGHTY NOSH

Got stuck into your *Lewd Food* article in November. Tried out the suggested menu for an evening of pure passion. It worked! The only adaptation was to substitute pieces of smoked salmon for asparagus as my lady doesn't like the latter food. We had strips of smoked salmon to dangle in hollandaise sauce and then followed the other suggested dishes right through to a blow-out of liqueur chocolates.

Thanks for a great night!

Ray Slattery,
Lewisham, NSW.

All right, Adam, we know what we said. Please take a breather while you check out this bonus pic of gorgeous Rene — Ed.

HALL HAS IT ALL

I can honestly say that I have never written a letter like this before, but nothing can stop me waxing lyrical about your incredible Jerry Hall pictorial in the November issue of Australian PLAYBOY.

The idea was basically very simple but the execution was, in a word, stunning. It takes a great deal of intelligence, good humor, self-confidence and, need I say it, outstanding beauty, to depict a whole range of screen goddesses including Bardot, Dietrich, Monroe and Jane Russell plus, of course, the fondly remembered Vargas girl.

I will be keeping those pictures of Jerry next to my father's pin-ups of the great originals!

Bill White,
Perth, WA.

Congratulations, Annie Leibovitz, on one of the most original pictorials ever to appear in Australian PLAYBOY. Jerry Hall is a *doll!*

F.J. McKay,
The Entrance, NSW.

RARE BEAUTIES

Congratulations, Australian PLAYBOY, on another sensational centrefold. Miss October, Yvonne Jaeger, is definitely a rare beauty and photographer Jurgen Dommnich expertly captured the spirit of this young lady. Your other October pictorials, Judy Norton-Taylor and Jenna Bourke, are both superb and it's hard to believe the lovely Judy Norton-Taylor is the same Mary Ellen I used to watch on TV.

I would also like to comment on the Grand Prix articles by Rob Luck and Paul Mann. Being a racing enthusiast, I found the stories very interesting and would like to thank both writers for their efforts.

R.J. Hunter,
Malvern, SA.

Write to us! Send your letters to the above address, and remember, we'll give preference to letters that keep it short and snappy. We'll give a 12 month subscription for each Dear Playboy letter we publish.

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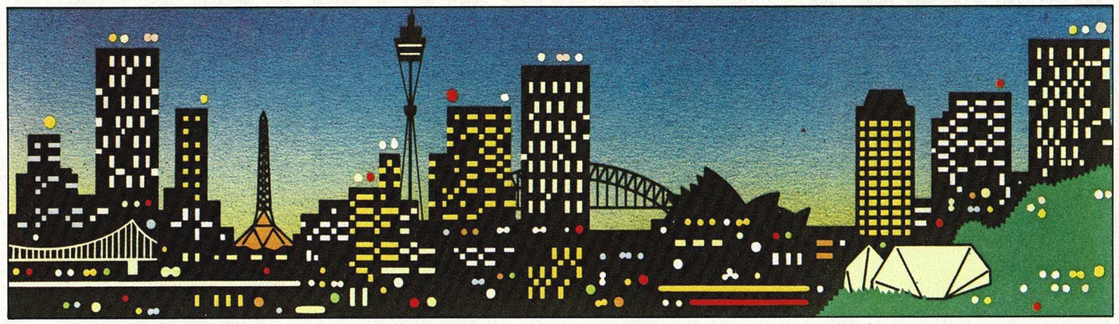
PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS



A MAN'S LIFE

A sergeant in Britain's legendary Grenadier Guards has been kicked out of the army for carrying his disciplinary measures to new recruits a bit too far. The sergeant had his own dictionary of initials for the punishments he would inflict on dopey recruits. A GSD was Get within Striking Distance and that usually involved a smack in the mouth. TSB was Two Sore Balls and that involved a punch in the nuts. The best of all though was FDL which stood for Fucking Dead Leg. This was the sergeant's specialty and apparently he could paralyse a soldier's leg for some time by kicking it in just the right spot. The sergeant was considered a trifle rough for the modern guards. No wonder the British lost their empire — see what a mob of pansies they've become now that army discipline has slackened right off.

1001 YAWNS

On the ground that it contained obscene passages which threatened the country's moral fibre, an Egyptian judge banned copies of *A Thousand And One Nights*. The centuries-old Arabic classic includes such stories as *Sinbad The Sailor*, *Ali Baba And The Forty Thieves* and *Aladdin And His Magic Lamp*. It is the most widely read book of Arab authorship after the Koran, the Islamic bible.

Critics blame the ban on the growing force of Islamic fundamentalism. Prosecuting the case was Brigadier Adly el-Kosheiry, head of the morals department of Egypt's Interior Ministry. He told reporters, "Any part of our heritage which includes dirty works should be locked up in a museum and an expurgated version should be made available to youth."

WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS

Be glad you're a man. No one will ever write a headline about you like the one that appeared in a certain country newspaper a short while ago: WOMAN SURVIVES PERIOD TRAPPED IN CAR IN RIVER.

TO THE MANOR BORNE

Forget buying your way into a knighthood; every man with high connections and his dog has one of those. Instead, buy yourself a lordship-of-the-manor title and join the British peerage. We kid you not; International Investment and Business Exchange in England has made five titles available with prices ranging from around $20,000 to $37,000. For that you get a coat of arms, documents on the history of the title and the right to be called lord or lady. As well you can have access to the House of Lords (but no vote), you can join the British Manorial Society, have the use of manorial grounds and can pass the title and privileges on to your descendants.

If all this seems highly dubious, the truth of the matter is that some manorial lords are hurting for cash, and badly. In the past such titles were sold only in very private and discreet deals, but now pride and privacy have been chucked out the window. Among titles up for sale are the lordship of Cokesputt, Devon ($20,000); the lordship of Gelham Hall, Norfolk ($29,000); the lordship of Morden, Devon ($27,000); and the lordship of Tale, Devon ($37,000).

Though the cash is important, a spokesman for the agents says they'll be screening applicants so the title and history will be carried on by honorable and respectable people. If you reckon you shape up, contact International Investment and Business Exchange, PO Box 492, 75 Moscow Road, Bayswater, London W2, United Kingdom.

TIMESHARE WINNER

Remember our contest in the May 1985 issue of Australian PLAYBOY to win a share in the fabulous Voyager Resort on Queensland's Gold Coast? We're delighted to announce that the winner is Dr Elwin Upton of Melbourne. Congratulations, Elwin!

SWEET CHARITY

A charity walk in New York City turned into a rob-a-thon recently when teenagers marching to raise money for charity mingled with the crowd and started lifting purses and wallets. Well, it's one way to get people to donate.

THE SEVEN-MINUTE ITCH

We've all had sexual partners who occasionally give us the willies, but one woman's gave her hives. A 33-year-old woman, who was allergic to pollen, dust and moulds, came down with hives and suffered various allergic reactions after having sex on several occasions with a man who was taking a form of penicillin. A condom seemed to block the problem, though.

WHAT A RACKET

Attention tennis players: there's a dryer on the market which sells for around $15 and has been designed to be used expressly for drying sweaty racquet handles. Now, would we lie to you?

WHISKY BUSINESS

You can buy fake Levi's, Cartier watches, Gucci loafers, Lacoste T-shirts, whatever. Now those counterfeit rascals are trying to shove phony Johnnie Walker scotch down your throat.

The Distillers Company of London, world's largest scotch producer, had previously ferreted out odd bottles of "Vat 96" and "Haiz". But it had never cracked anything like the cases of the "Johnnie Hawker Red Label Old Scotch Whisky" that recently sluiced the world whisky market.

Turns out "red label" was more than an unregistered trademark: it is manufactured in Bulgaria and distributed by the official state forwarding agency, Despred. The stuff is packaged in a lookalike square bottle that differs from the genuine article only in brand name and with the substitution of "a product of quality" for "product of Scotland". A shipment of more than 28,000 bottles was recently seized in Italy en route to South Africa.

Johnnie Hawker looks real but it sure doesn't taste like the genuine article. Produced with chemical alcohol and "whisky essence", this crude attempt to undermine bourgeois Western palates tasted, according to the Italian customs official, "like toilet water". Something to keep in mind when your host offers a shot of rare single-malt Bulgarian.

TOYOTA BRINGS TWIN CAM TECHNOLOGY TO YOUR KIND OF DRIVING.

Celica twin cam wins Safari Rally 2nd straight year.

World champion race and rally cars have long embodied the exotic engineering of twin cam technology. But now Toyota, capitalizing on more than 20 years of race-bred, high performance experience, puts twin cam performance into the hands of on-the-road drivers.

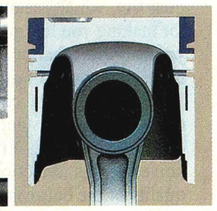
The Toyota engine in the new Celica, for example, is a twin cam masterpiece with multi-valve design. Twin cams provide ideal valve location for efficient combustion and operate valves with minimum time lag for fast response at all speeds. Two intake and exhaust valves per cylinder provide more power. Plus, air flow velocity is computer-regulated accordingly to engine speed.

It means Toyota, and only Toyota, has perfected twin cam, multi-valve engines to achieve constant torque and high economy at all engine speeds.

And Toyota doesn't limit advanced technology to passenger cars. In commercial vehicles, Toyota offers engines that feature electronic fuel injection, and such innovative engineering as fibre reinforced pistons that significantly reduce wear and maintenance.

Clearly, Toyota is making an exciting change in your everyday driving.

Oh what a feeling!



TWIN CAM

All SR engines are designed by Toyota for top performance and fuel efficiency on unleaded petrol.

TOYOTA

BOOZE

Fancy a koala, a kookaburra or a bit of whoopee? Then it's time you gave a cocktail party.

Alcoholic drinks, like everything else, go in and out of fashion with monotonous regularity. And the cocktail is no exception. After languishing for many years in obscurity (apart from the dry martini which simply refused to die) it is once again *the* drink to have in one's hand at a fashionable bar or other up-market watering hole.

In Australia the decline of the cocktail began when we started to discover still red and white wines and, at about the same time, got terribly health-conscious about booze (white wine and mineral water being the preferred tipple of the late well-behaved '70s).

The '80s, despite a plague of jogging and weight lifting by both sexes, are much more self-indulgent. I think this is because most people regard the world as being in a damned mess (if the bomb doesn't get you, AIDS will), so they figure they might as well enjoy themselves while they're still around. Thus the cocktail. It has social cachet for several reasons. It is definitely indulgent, so drinking cocktails means you're cocking a snook at the health freaks. It is also rather expensive, which shows off one's purchasing power. The third point is that most cocktails are highly lethal taken in quantity, which means they're very handy for making you feel good quickly or getting yourself into a happy and introspective fug if the company is boring.

In setting up a cocktail bar at home, outside of a set of standard bar instruments — including a shaker, mixing jug, sharp knives and a selection of glasses — the quality of the booze is paramount.

Always buy name brands of high quality; nothing ruins a cocktail faster than cheap spirits. Incidentally, although mixed drinks have been around for a long time, the cocktail reached its peak of popularity in the United States during the Prohibition period between the wars. The sweet juices and essences were deliberately included to disguise the taste of home-made bootleg booze. But that's history, and there's no need to repeat it.

Now, as to what you are going to stock in your home cocktail bar: some people like to keep a vast range of everything, which can be expensive and time consuming, not to say messy. You've got to wash everything out all the time to stop the flavors from getting mixed up.

What I like to do is get in one reliable line of spirits and stick to it. For instance, with gin as a base, outside of the *martini* — made in the ratio of one part very dry vermouth to six parts of dry gin, stirred rapidly in a jug over cracked ice and served immediately with a twist of lemon — you can ring the changes. If you substitute a pickled cocktail onion for a green olive in the finished cocktail, it becomes a *gibson*. If the vermouth is replaced by a few dashes of angostura bitters it becomes that very British cocktail, a *pink gin*. If the vermouth is once again left out and lime juice cordial is substituted, it is a *gimlet*. If you use sweet dark vermouth and orange juice, it becomes a *bronx*.

And for those of your guests who don't like the smell or taste of gin (and you'd be surprised how many people don't), add a bottle of vodka to your bar and you can do the whole range of drinks all over again with that clean spirit, plus a few others that are not strictly cocktails — canned consomme and ice for a *bullshot*, and the all-pervading *bloody mary* which I have mentioned in previous columns.

TONI HOPE-CATEN

For those of you who like whisky-based drinks, the *manhattan* is making a comeback of sorts. It consists of two measures of bourbon, one measure of sweet vermouth, plus a dash of angostura bitters. Like the martini it is a stirred rather than a shaken cocktail. After stirring in a jug filled with cracked ice, it is poured into a squat old-fashioned glass and topped with a cocktail cherry.

There are, of course, literally hundreds of cocktails, and madder ones get invented every day. But if you take my advice you will choose the ones that have stood the test of the years and quietly forget ones with lunatic names and those that contain a combination of four or more types of proof spirit.

Having said that, instead of looking overseas for new cocktail creations I'd like to take a little walk backwards in time and suggest a few revivals from our own past. In 1936 Sydney's Usher's Hotel issued a little cocktail booklet (illustrated by J.C. Bancks, the creator of Ginger Meggs), including a lot which were about as silly as our present-day creations. However, if you want a few historical laughs, here are some from the period. Interestingly enough, given the power of modern-day cocktails, the amounts of alcohol used are somewhat minuscule.

The first is the *koala*. It consisted of one-sixth of a measure of brandy, two-sixths of a measure of apricot brandy, a further two-sixths of a measure of orange juice, and a splash of dry vermouth. Place in a cocktail shaker of ice and shake well. It makes one serve.

Another one was known as the *kookaburra*. It consisted of two-sixths of a measure of gin, one-sixth of Parfait Amour, and three-sixths of passionfruit syrup. After shaking with ice it was served in a glass, the rim of which had been encrusted with purple sugar, and a piece of crystallised ginger was floated on its surface. What that has to do with kookaburras I'm damned if I know, unless one's first sight of the thing made you laugh like one.

And finally the *whoopee*. That was made with a measure of gin, half of cream and a dash of creme-de menthe. It was, as usual, shaken with ice and served with a maraschino cherry. That one could be due for a comeback, mainly because, in today's cocktail popularity stakes, cream-based drinks are very high on the list, although they do not rate as highly as the *daiquiri*, which slightly pips the traditional martini.

As to food: generous sandwiches of chicken, crab, crayfish slices, smoked salmon and rare roast beef are regaining popularity, as are, oddly enough, miniature sausage rolls and small party pies. Cocktail party food should be designed for juggling in one hand.

Don't serve unstoned olives, for instance, as people will drop the pits all over the pale blue carpet. They also tend to drop things with sauce and stick toothpicks into bookcases, and so on. Make sure they can eat all of the piece of food being offered. (Thus, for quite different reasons, unshelled prawns and cocktail sausages or frankfurters in tomato sauce are right out.)

But make sure there is enough food to allow people to at least half sop up these alcoholic cocktails. Otherwise you will probably lose a few friends to those gentle people in blue uniform.

— RICHARD BECKETT

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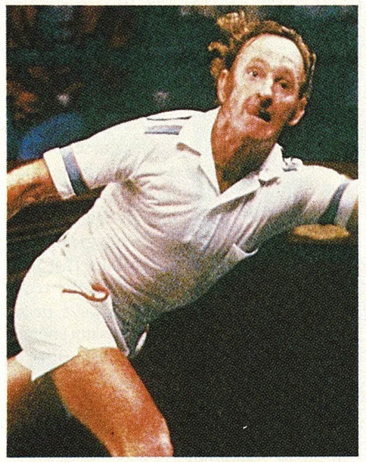
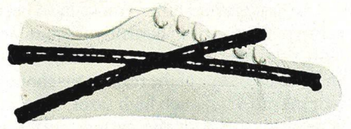


There's been a lot of changes on the court since.

The equipment, the clothing, even the behaviour, but the shoes have stayed fundamentally the same.



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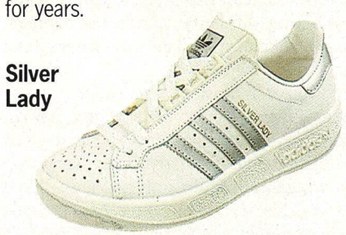

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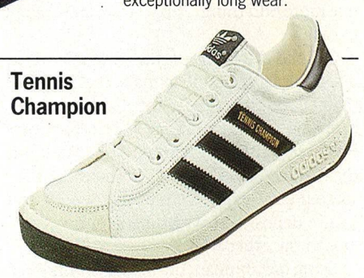

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MONEY

When drug money is being laundered, the biggest lies are the ones that pay off.

It took two months for the bank manager to get really suspicious. After all, he explained later, the two elderly women did own a successful furniture business. And they almost always visited the bank with their grandchildren in tow. How can you distrust a grandmother? But when they offer you a bribe, well, it's hard not to smell a rat.

The two grandmothers opened their cheque account with a $10,000 deposit. They told the manager that the account would be used for their furniture business. Most of their accounts would be paid by cheque, they said, but since a lot of their stock was imported, they would also be wiring money to overseas suppliers in the normal course of events.

For a few weeks, nothing remarkable took place. By the fifth week, however, the bank tellers began to whisper. In contrast to the $10,000 or so per week that the grandmothers had been depositing in their account, $100,000 was now passing through weekly.

And passing through is just what they meant. Typically, the deposits were to be made on Monday and wired to overseas "suppliers" by Friday. Oh yes, there was one more odd thing. All deposits were made in cash.

On the Monday of the seventh week, when the ladies came to make their deposit ($500,000, this time), the bank manager came out to greet them. "The furniture business must be booming," he joked, but the ladies didn't laugh. Instead, they offered him two percent of that week's and future deposits provided he kept quiet and looked the other way.

Being only human, the manager pondered their offer for a few days, but fear ultimately overcame greed and he called in the authorities. The ensuing investigation revealed that the grandmothers were engaged in an international money laundering operation organised and run by Colombian narcotics dealers. Drug money given to the grandmothers by the Colombians was deposited in their furniture business account and then wired back to the drug dealers ostensibly as payments for furniture. Phoney orders, dockets and shipping invoices were created to document these transactions. The point of the whole scheme was to provide the Colombians with an excuse for having so much money. They didn't make it dealing in narcotics. No, sir. They made it by exporting harmless bits of furniture.

One of the biggest problems faced by successful criminals is how to spend their ill-gotten gains. Their business, which deals mainly in cash, provides them with bundles of banknotes but does not provide them with an explanation. But an explanation is what they need. Otherwise, when they buy a mansion, yacht or Lear jet, someone is likely to become suspicious. Before long, some government agent is going to want to know where all that money came from. This is where a money-laundering scheme comes in. These schemes are designed to conceal the illegal source of the crook's sudden wealth.

Each year, hundreds of millions of dollars are carefully washed and "legitimised", using a variety of laundering schemes. Some make use of offshore banks, others involve complicated international money transfers.

But the most popular money laundering techniques are not that convoluted. In fact, most are incredibly simple.

CHRIS PAYNE

Consider, for example, the BIG WIN scheme. No international financial manipulations are required; you don't even need a bank. Instead, what you do is hang around the race track looking for winners and offer to buy their tickets.

Joe Punter, whom you have just met in the clubhouse bar, has won $20,000. You offer him $25,000 for his ticket and then you go and collect his winnings as if they were your own. To be sure the win is documented, you ask the bookmaker to pay you your "winnings" by cheque. You can now "prove" that you have won $20,000 and this means that you now have at least that much to spend. If you are having difficulty finding big winners, some bookmakers will give you names (for a small fee, of course).

If you prefer casinos to racetracks, similar arrangements can be made. Some foreign casinos are more than pleased to give you a certificate indicating that you have won money gambling. Not only do they collect a fee for this service but the certificate may help to convince other punters to visit their establishment.

A scheme almost as popular as the BIG WIN is the BE YOUR OWN BANK caper. There are several variations to this scheme but all involve borrowing money from yourself. For example, you might buy a property for a small deposit plus a large mortgage. But not a bank mortgage. Your mortgage comes from a group of solicitors who have been asked to invest their clients' funds. Interestingly, one of their clients happens to be you.

In other words, you can give the money to the solicitor who then lends it back to you (after subtracting a small fee for his trouble). By lending money to yourself, you not only get to spend it but you also create the impression of being in debt. If you are totally amoral, you can even deduct the interest you are paying yourself as a business expense.

Now it may have occurred to you that these simple money-laundering schemes sound phoney. Is it really reasonable to expect the police, the taxation authorities and the courts to believe that you won all your money at the races or borrowed it from generous solicitors?

Of course it isn't. For one thing, they have heard it all before, many times. But convincing the authorities that you are telling the truth is not always necessary. It is not enough for the authorities to disbelieve your story, they must disprove it as well. The onus of proof is on the authorities. For this reason, even the simplest money-laundering schemes present them with substantial problems which they have great difficulty circumventing.

Tax evaders and other crooks have been getting away with blatantly fraudulent money-laundering schemes for many years. Indeed, this is one of the reasons that honest citizens must pay such high taxes. It seems crazy but, the way the system currently operates, those who admit to having undeclared income must pay the taxes (and, if necessary, serve the time) required.

On the other hand, those who produce nothing more substantial to explain their money than: "Your worship, I won it at the races," often wind up paying no taxes and serving no time at all.

— SETH GREGORY

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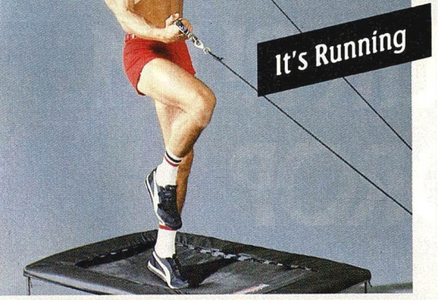

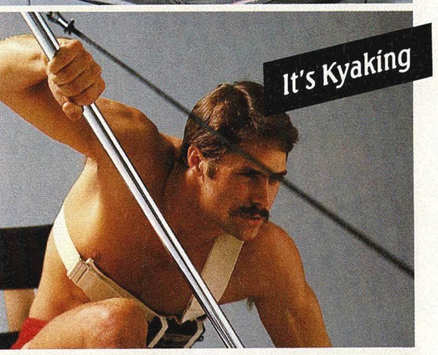

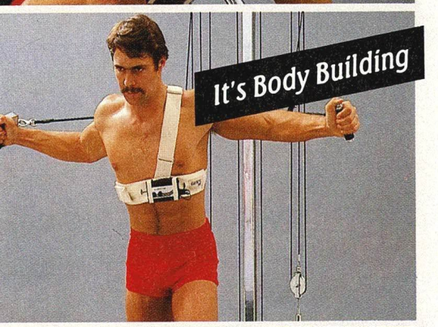

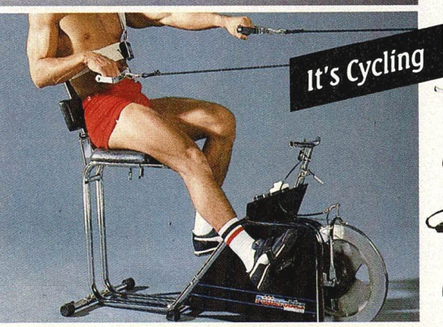

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WOMEN

You work. She works. Does the modern couple really have time for good old-fashioned sex?

You're making love in front of the fire. You're enveloped in a lovely cocoon of good wine, shimmying firelight, soft music and raging testosterone. You can keep it up, so to speak, for hours. It's not an isolated incident. You do this all the time. It's an enjoyable, languorous postcript to an ordinary day.

Huh! Unless you're a kept man, unemployed or on holidays, you're a rotten liar. Men and women in the '80s who have jobs and mortgages and cars that break down and videos that pack up and hungry kids and cranky pets simply don't behave that way. They'd like to, of course, but they simply don't have the time or the energy.

You're making love with one eye on the digital clock by the bed. It's 6.59am and if you don't ejaculate within the next second you're going to miss your train. You jerk up and down like a jackhammer while she stretches across to the bedside table to plug in her heated curlers. She has an 8.30 business meeting and she's worried about her hair. You abuse her for using all the hot water in the shower and she squawks at you for hogging the bathroom mirror. You're both irritable, tired and running late for work. Suddenly sex is no longer a slow, glowing, rapturous pastime. It's a bloody nuisance.

When two normal people in a permanent relationship spend five, sometimes six, days of the week working and worrying, their free time together is more likely to be spent in structured leisure activities than in unabandoned, easy lovemaking. Achievement is the catch-phrase of the '80s. Renovate that house, restore that muscle tone, play that team sport, keep that new car in peak condition, read that fabulous best-seller, devour that news journal, attend that opening night and keep that wardrobe co-ordinated. Sex just doesn't figure on an achiever's agenda.

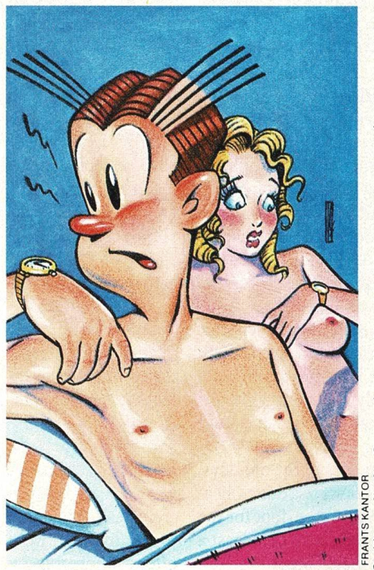
Things were easier for you fellas, of course, a decade or two ago when women still stayed at home with a stew on the boil and an ironed set of sheets on the bed. You could rely on your partner to soften the edges and provide an aura of leisure and romance. It's a rare working woman who can toil for eight hours, do the grocery shopping on the way home, wash the breakfast dishes while the chook's in the oven, and then spring to the front door to greet you in a black lace garter belt.

There are compensations. Various sex surveys have shown that women who stay at home actually have more sexual problems than those who work. Their lack of independence and mental stimulation definitely can stymie the development of full sexual potential.

One two-career couple I know actually make appointments with each other to have sex. He's a laboratory worker and she's a solicitor. They slot sex into a well-organised timetable which they keep pinned to the fridge. That's all very well but what if one of them doesn't *feel* like it at 7.13am Thursday fortnight? Where's the spontaneity? He treats it like a calculated lab experiment and she feels about as desirable as a test tube. This relationship, dear readers, is *not* going to last.

Now I'm not suggesting that any of you approach sex in such a programmed fashion but if your lovemaking is ruled by the tyranny of clocks, timetables and sheer fatigue, then here are a few suggestions on how to maximise the experience.

For a start, both of you must relax. Plan an uninterrupted evening at home together. The world won't stop if you forgo a "must see" film or skip a gym workout. Plan either a very simple dinner or grab a quick bite at a cosy restaurant on the way home. Elaborate kitchen antics and piles of dirty dishes are sure-fire passion killers. Get rid of all distractions. This means videotaping whatever you wanted to watch on TV, unplugging the phone, informing your neighbors that you are *not* available for games of Trivial Pursuit after dinner, telling your relatives they may *not* pop in for a drink, refusing to answer the front door and slipping tranquillisers into the siamese cat's dinner.


FRANTS KANTOR

It's simple enough to organise. Oh, and leave that wretched briefcase at the office. If you make love for an hour and spend the rest of the evening up to your eyeballs in graphs and charts then you may as well move back to square one.

This special evening together should be about wine, firelight, music and, well, you get my drift.

There should be no reason why such evenings of passion can't be planned on a regular basis. They may not smack of spontaneity but they sure as hell beat the jackhammer routine in the early hours of the morning.

Try a matinee session. Pass up a business lunch or cheese sangers at your desk and, if you both work close enough to home, arrange to meet her there. This encounter is sure to have overtones of illicit sex. Just be certain you don't choose the day the cleaning lady/kitchen renovator/gardener or hot tub installation man is due to call.

It's also worth checking out what hotels and motels coyly refer to as "day rates" for such an encounter. Thirty dollars may seem a silly extravagance when you have a double bed of your own but such a reckless rendezvous could just save your relationship.

Try wedging sex into your hectic lives at unexpected times and in unexplored places. I don't mean between the sorbet and the main course on the top of your neighbor's dinner table, but you could try switching off *Sixty Minutes* one Sunday evening and testing the resilience of the new rubber tiling in the kitchen.

You both have to wash so why not indulge in a shared bubble bath late at night rather than squabbling over who takes first shower in the morning.

Try holding hands, cuddle, stroke, hug and pounce as often as you can.

Reorganising your relationship to accommodate better sex is going to take concerted effort and time. You're striving for quality, not quantity, and it isn't going to happen overnight.

Let it evolve. You've got nothing to lose and you should both end up feeling hot and happy. In the long run I don't believe you can ask for more than that.

Oh, and I've just had a call from Sandra, my solicitor friend with the tight sexual agenda. She called to tell me she's run off with a graphic artist who hasn't seen a timetable since he left school. It seems her husband had started timing their love-making sessions with a stopwatch and when she dropped into his lab one lunchtime to suggest a quickie he asked if she had an appointment. —SUSAN KUROSAWA

MEN

Our days of keeping a low profile are over. Men are back in the spotlight again.

After adopting a profile so low we were about to be declared a protected species, suddenly men are in the spotlight everywhere. And boy, are we in trouble!

Remember that old challenge — are you a man or a mouse? Well recently, confronted with the choice between being a self-confessed perpetrator of the patriarchy and a rodent, many of us have been quick to scamper behind the furniture.

For decades we've avoided scrutiny by skilfully hiding behind huge rocks or pretending we didn't quite understand. But finally it's all caught up to us. And we were avoiding all the issues so well.

In the '60s, the sexual revolution came and went, and it didn't change us a bit. We men just did what we'd always done, only twice as much.

In the '70s, women all around us became liberated. Initially this was a bit of a shock, but then we realised that if we kept quiet and stood perfectly still, no one would notice us, and we could go right on doing exactly what we've always done.

But now, in the mid-'80s, we find ourselves sweating under the spotlight of public scrutiny. Everywhere you look we are the centre of attention. There are articles about men, plays about men, even whole books, for Chrissake! And in the harsh glare of the floodlights, it's going to be difficult to duck and weave like we used to.

We weren't always so evasive, of course. In the good old days, we always knew where we stood on any issue. How to act and what to say came as naturally as kicking footballs in the park. But gradually life became more and more complicated for men.

Take doors, for instance. In the old days, doors were easy. If you came to a doorway in mixed company you'd open the door for the woman. And you could be sure of at least a nod of friendly acknowledgement.

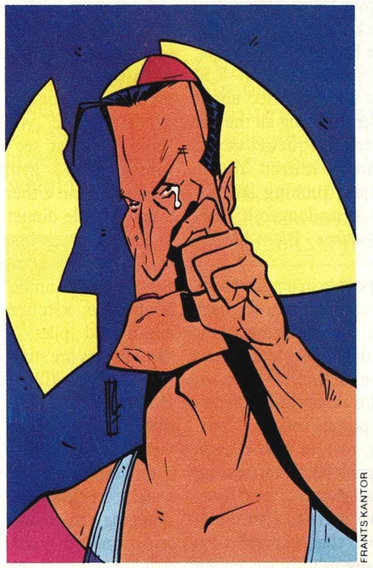
But then came the age of uncertainty. In present times, as often as not, if you dare to open a door for a female, you're lucky to get away with your life. Now if every woman responded this way, we'd be able to adapt. We'd simply stop opening doors for women. But it isn't that easy. No. Some women still expect you to do the gentlemanly thing. If you hang back and wait for them to open the door, they're quite apt to slam it shut on your fingers, adding an appropriate remark, such as, "You used to be so *considerate*, George."

So the man of today tries to avoid doors in mixed company. You can see men in groups hanging back as they approach a door, pretending their shoelaces need attention, so they don't arrive at the doorway at the same time as a woman, and have to face that awful choice — do I open it or don't I?

Sadly, this sums up the situation men are in today. We've given up trying to work out what is right and what is wrong. We just aim to stay out of the line of fire. Until recently this strategy worked like a charm. We men became expert at avoiding certain issues.

Look at the workplace, for example. Once a fortress of masculinity, where men were men and women made the tea, we were horrified when women abruptly demanded gainful employment. And we were mortified when they started competing with us for our own jobs.

For a while we were stricken with terror. Previously we'd flirt with any woman in the office; now we'd be filled with fear that the pretty woman in typing could be an undercover agent from the Equal Opportunities Board. So we soon discovered that the best way of dealing with the women in the office was to ignore them totally. Lest we be accused of sexual molestation if our hand touched the stenographer's during dictation, we went out and bought dictaphones instead.



FRANTS KANTOR

Before long we'd adapted the avoidance technique to all walks of life. Afraid of uttering sexist language, we'd omit any hint of gender in casual conversation. Scared to death that we'd offend a meeting by referring to "Madame Chair", "Mr Chairwoman" or similar, we simply didn't speak at all.

Looking back, I suppose it was inevitable that we'd apply our newfound avoidance to an area that was bothering us more than any other; namely, sex. This was another area which in the old days caused no problem. We used to know our place — on top! But then the sexual scales began to heave and change. Before long we were shifted to the side, and then below, and even then our sexuality was a thing to be maligned.

All of a sudden the masculine idols like John Wayne and Steve McQueen were branded chauvinist pigs, and this phenomenon stopped us in our tracks.

We no longer knew whether we were supposed to lead or follow, be excitingly male and dominant, or sensitively caring and warm. Is it any wonder that many of us decided to forget the whole thing in favor of something easier, such as sky diving?

Suddenly we just didn't feel like doing it anymore. So we set our emotional response to zero and our jaws to granite. We thought that if we looked immovable enough, the women in our lives would finally tire of beating at our door and leave us alone.

But this was our fundamental mistake, the fatal flaw that will be the centre of our undoing. It's the same mistake that men have committed for centuries, appearing to be cold and unfeeling, and for centuries it has had the same result: it drives women crazy.

This is why we're now at the centre of attention. Content to forget our very existence over the decades, women are now prodding and probing at the male psyche, and they want a response!

Yes, men and boys of Australia, they're on to us, and they're not going to be content till we've spilt our emotions for all to see.

Don't panic! Just because we're not used to baring our souls doesn't mean we can't adapt to this new challenge too. With practice we'll be able to sympathise at 30 yards, and our faces will betray a range of emotions from jealousy to pure unadulterated love.

Maybe we'll see a whole new range of adult education classes springing up, designed to help men learn how to show their emotions.

But whatever happens, this new spot in the limelight might turn out to be fun, after all. Haven't we got a little tired of hiding in dark corners, scared to show our heads, let alone any other part of our anatomies?

It might be fun to be the centre of attention for a while, showing the world that we men exist after all, despite reports to the contrary. If we can get over our stage fright we'll have a wow of a time on centre stage.

Men, it's time to make a comeback! And you never know, this time we might be a box-office success. —MARK POOLE

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SPORT

If we recognised the importance of sporting statistics, getting David Gower out would be easy.

The newspaper ad read: "Let your home computer help you pick Sunday's winner on Saturday." For a betting bloke and sports fan, it sounded like the perfect come-on: buy a data base program crammed with enough form and statistics to let the home computer ace determine who was most likely to get the money in the next round of matches, then just sit back and see what happens.

The only hitch was that it was an American ad and while I'd be dialling up stats for the Lions versus the Magpies, I'd be getting the oil on the Steelers v the Houston Oilers instead. Different code, different country.

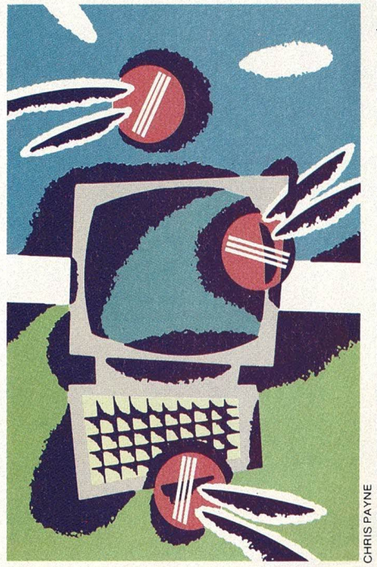
If nothing else, the exercise goes to show there's a huge hole in the Australian market for that great American sports sub-industry — statistics. The trade in facts and figures has become the greatest growth area in US sport, with everybody from fans to professional forecasters, commentators to coaches, relying on their daily dose of high grade data to stay up with the play. The trade in information has become so vital to the conduct of major sport in the US that it is impossible to imagine the system living without it. Conversely, Australia has largely chosen to ignore the sports information explosion. Pity? Perhaps, because in cricket we have a game that is without a doubt the most statistically fertile of them all.

Just patch cricket into a Yank sports computer and sit back while we explore the real possibilities. Never mind batting and bowling averages — how about something slightly complex like Kepler Wessels's propensity for being caught square of the wicket by a right-arm medium-pace bowler operating over the wicket? Or how about the success record of left-arm finger-spinners against top-order right-hand batsmen in limited-over games played under lights? The possibilities are endless and you don't have to look too far down the track to envisage Allan Border ducking off during the drinks break to consult the locker-room computer about the strategy for removing a belligerent Kapil Dev on a wicket that's playing flat and true after the batsman has already reached 50.

Cricket, by virtue of its strategic complexity, duration of play and high scoring factor, is a statistician's goldmine. Already there are a few academics, keen amateurs and the likes of the Nine Network's Max Kruger and Irving Rosenwater who are creating their own data bases, with particular emphasis on the one-day game. But the real potential of statistics, in all sports, is largely unrecognised in Australia.

To fathom why, we can examine the reasons for the arrival of the information age as it occurred in America. Like almost everything in that free enterprise land of the brave, it all stemmed from demand. And there were three main areas of demand which needed to be satisfied.

The first is *strategy*. In pure and simple terms, if Border wants to dismiss Gower, the law of probability as determined by high mathematics should tell him how to go about it. In US sport, strategy is the domain of the coaching staff who are obsessed with the nitty-gritty of performance. And that includes the opposition as well as their own team. Stats are used in recruiting players, identifying and rectifying flaws, devising the most intricate of match plans and, perhaps most important of all, proving to the club board or owner why the coach's contract should be renewed.



CHRIS PAYNE

The stats boom was hatched in the colleges that form the sophisticated nurseries for most pro sport. It's a few decades since the college sport faculties turned to their brothers in the medical departments for help with the treatment of injuries and fitness techniques. The result was a tremendous leap forward for an industry that became known as sports medicine. With the computer explosion of the 1970s, the campus data boffins came to the aid of their sports alumni and thus triggered the great information revolution. You might wonder why the academics should be so helpful to those sweaty layabouts, the sports jocks. The answer is money. A successful college football team can draw huge crowds and generate tremendous cash inflow, a good part of which will be allocated to other faculties in addition to sports.

The absence of a similar system in Australia partly explains our disinclination for statistics. But one compelling area much closer to our greedy hearts is that of *gambling*. Punting and sport go hand in (batting) glove and the Aussies easily match the Yanks in their penchant for the plunge. In America, billions of bucks are tied up each week on the football draws.

American sports magazines flog the punting points of data base programs in ads that preach the benefit of knowing such items as what coaches have the best records on artificial turf or what teams do the best against the odds. It's a different slant on the information used by the coaching strategists but it all comes back to the same compilation of statistics.

The third reason is *pure information*. As a sports-watching society, we're better informed than ever before and the information surge suggests the learning process will continue. Reporters and commentators in America have dived into the data banks to improve their own knowledge, interpret the info and pass it on to the fan. The trend has generated a minor publishing and print boom with annuals such as the *Elias Baseball Analyst*.

Our sports habits and codes are vastly different to those found in America, but there are small streams of comparison, such as basketball, that are opening Australians' awareness of sophisticated statistics. The mathematical complexity of cricket makes that game the best bet to pioneer the figures boom, but the absence of a gambling base suggests the commercial incentive will have to come from elsewhere.

Cash incentives aside, cricket's administrators and media masters have plentiful reason to invest in the boom, if only to save us from the hypothesising of on-air experts with copies of *Wisden* at their elbows. Instead of theorising about what field to set for Azharuddin, they can find the optimum solution on computer.

Meantime, we can ruminate on the impressions of the American experts, not all of whom are entranced by stats and gadgetry and their influence on the coaching scene.

But until they can make a computer that can hold a slips catch, *our* national game will still be subject to that most appealing of factors, human frailty.

— A.D. AIRD

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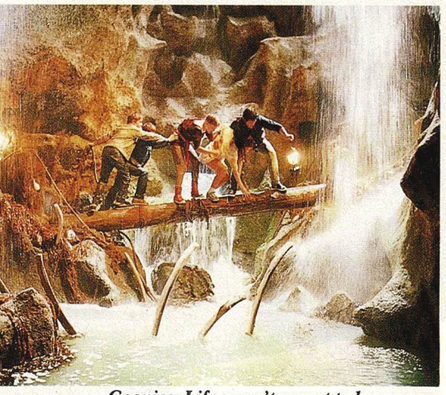
SHOWBIZ

Motown memories, youth nostalgia and a big-budget Western, but The Goonies rule, okay.

GRAPPLING GOONIES: The natural cinematic successor to Indiana Jones has emerged from the million-dollar man, **Steven Spielberg:** directed by **Richard** *(Superman)* **Donner,** Spielberg's latest mega-production, *The Goonies,* has a bunch of kids searching for pirate treasure in a sleepy seaside town. They spend much of the



Goonies: Life wasn't meant to be easy.

movie being chased around subterranean caves by three rather engaging villains through an elaborate series of boobytraps constructed centuries before by the pirate chief One-Eyed Willy to protect his galleon and his booty from discovery.

Spielberg shows again his addiction for heart-stopping action. Remember the opening sequence of *Raiders Of The Lost Ark?* Well, *The Goonies* is all of that and more. It's a stunning picture; wait for the last booby-trap device, which sends the galleon out over the ocean and into the sunset.

The Goonies will be the uncontested blockbuster of 1986, a monster-budgeted production, technically brilliant, except for one aspect: the dialogue is practically incomprehensible to the non-American ear. Considering that US distributors often insist on a dubbed American soundtrack for Oz movies in the States, putting up with Spielberg's sheer bloodymindedness (or is it gross insensitivity?) is a pain in the ear.

•

DEVIL'S PLAYGROUND, AMERICAN STYLE: The spate of youth nostalgia (as opposed to the youth sleaze of *Porky's, Animal House, Revenge Of The Nerds* etc) continues unabated. Having reached an all-time low with the totally artificial *St Elmo's Fire* (or The Little Chill Returns To Peyton Place), which nevertheless managed to make a fortune in the US, the cycle is showing heartening signs of an upsurge with *Catholic Boys,* a kind of transpacific version of **Fred Schepisi**'s *The Devil's Playground.* Ironically the lead is played by **Andrew McCarthy** of *St Elmo's Fire,* but the main laughs come from **Matt Dillon**'s kid brother **Kevin** as the wonderfully foul-mouthed tough guy of the group, **Stephen Godfreys** as the oversexed Williams, who has masturbated an average 5.6 times a day in the month since his previous confession, and **Malcolm Danare** as the fat, egg-headed egotist.

•

KAZDAN GOES WEST: What is it about big budgets that lures good, honest film-makers to their doom? After paying his dues as ultra-successful scriptwriter *(Raiders, Empire Strikes Back, Return Of The Jedi),* **Lawrence Kazdan** launched into an equally successful career as director of modest but brilliant, relatively small-budget features *(Body Heat, The Big Chill).* Their huge box-office ratings seem to have dictated that his next move should be a multi-million dollar Western. No matter that the same logic had lured Universal into bankruptcy with **Michael Cimino**'s *Heaven's Gate,* Columbia had to have its try too — with *Silverado.* Fortunately Kazdan managed to spend less than half Cimino's final figure (still in excess of $US20m) on the building of his own 47-building town 25 miles from Santa Fe and shunting his 500 extras round the Wild West. Still, the lion's share must have gone on the star-studded cast with, among others, **Kevin Kline** and **Jeff Goldblum** from *The Bill Chill,* **Rosanna Arquette** utterly wasted as a settler, little **Linda Hunt** as a saloon keeper, **Brian Dennehy** much less sympathetic than in *Cocoon* as a bent sherrif and, in the lead, more or less, **Scott** *(The Right Stuff)* **Glenn,** whose wooden-faced acting and melodramatic gestures make **John Wayne** seem like **Sir John Gielgud.** What Columbia got for its money isn't half bad, with action and thrills galore, but the final confrontation as the intrepid four ride in alone to take on Silverado is unconvincing as all hell and, despite the big bucks, the classic sweep of a **John Ford** Western is entirely lacking.

•

GOT TO BE THERE DEPARTMENT: Motown has put together a series of hour-long video-cassettes of some of its legends, such as **Diana Ross, Marvin Gaye** and **Michael Jackson.** Also in the works are compilations featuring all-star girl groups, the first of which should be surfacing any minute. If that's not enough excitement, look out this year for a mini-series based on **The Supremes.** Remember you heard it through the grapevine. And more Motown memories: already available from RCA Records are two compilation albums featuring original recordings from the label's first 25 years. Oddly titled *Every Great Motown Song,* on *Volume One — The '60s* you can thrill to **The Supremes** singing such greats as *Where Did Our Love Go* and *You Keep Me Hanging On,* and groan as young **Michael Jackson** sings *Ben* and **Lionel Richie's Commodores** shuffle through *Three Times A Lady* on *Volume Two — The '70s.* Great for collectors, but expect volumes three to infinity.

•

SWIMMING TO CAMBODIA: Spalding Gray is not a hotshot new golf ball, nor even a hair tonic and color. No, Spalding Gray is the kind of guy who might just convince a lot of people that live theatre is worth forgoing a night at the movies. Fresh from a part in the Oscar-winning *Killing Fields* and after rave notices in the US for his monologues such as *Sex And Death To The Age 14* and *Cars And College Girls,* Spalding Gray will be touring Australia in January, first at the Festival of Sydney, then around the country to the Adelaide Festival and on to Perth. His new monologue, *Swimming To Cambodia,* is based on his experiences making *Killing Fields.*

MOVIE SCORECARD

capsule close-ups of current films

Back To The Future Michael J. Fox goes back to '55, messing up family ties. Engaging time travel madness. ♥♥♥♥

Code Of Silence Forget everything you heard about Chuck Norris. A good over-the-top police thriller. ♥♥♥

Explorers Joe Dante repeats his *Gremlins* smash with fun space spoof. Why do the kids get all the goodies? ♥♥♥

Frog Dreaming Surprisingly good Australian contribution to the school holiday monster stakes. ♥♥♥

The Glen Miller Story New print! New Dolby sound! Big in 1954 but now sadly dated. ♥♥

Jenny Kissed Me Dying man kidnaps his errant de facto's daughter. Full-on tearjerker. ♥♥♥

Prizzi's Honor Jack Nicholson and Kathleen Turner in a smashing mafia flick from John Huston. ♥♥♥

Rebel Triumphant Aussie musical makes a star of Debbie Byrne. Co-stars Matt Dillon. ♥♥♥

St Elmo's Fire Another cash-in on *The Big Chill.* Doesn't ring true for a single frame. ♥

A View To A Kill Wrinkled Roger James Bond yet again with Grace Jones for novelty value. ♥

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: TONY GREIG

A candid conversation with the former bete noire of the Australian cricket team about rebels, racism, leadership and winning.

You'd have to take a long day's walk to find more than a few Australians who would admit to actually liking Tony Greig, and yet there is an almost universal, albeit grudging, respect for the South African-born England and World XI all-rounder.

In an era when most of his countrymen were out in the cold, ostracised by world sporting bodies because of the racist policies of their elected government, the lanky, pigeon-toed Greig attained the highest pinnacle of his chosen sport, the England cricket captaincy, while carving for himself a position of wealth and influence on three continents.

A frequently abrasive character who played hardball on and off the field and seldom suffered fools gladly, Greig was not an automatic choice for the England captaincy when it became vacant in 1975. For one thing he was a bloody colonial. Nevertheless, by early 1977 when he had led England to a convincing away victory against India, even his sternest critics had to admit he had put spirit back into England and made her a cricketing force to be reckoned with.

"Like some blond colossus, Greig has dominated the scene both on and off the field," wrote the normally hostile London commentator, John Woodcock, in The Times. "Without Greig this would be half the England side it is. . . he has helped England to believe in themselves again."

Leading from the front on that tour, Greig finished second in the batting averages and took a handy 10 wickets. It was his ability to inspire his men to play above themselves, however, that made him such a danger to opposing sides. Although he lost the Centenary Test in Melbourne a month later, he did so by a mere whisker, and Jack Fingleton wrote in the Sunday Times: "Greig's captaincy was faultless. He is now a great leader, full of guile and knowledge."

Four months after that he was branded a "backstabber" and sacked as skipper. The cricket establishment was in uproar over the Packer-led World Series hijack and Greig, always a fighter for players' rights, was in the thick of it. When a compromise was reached after three seasons of Packer cricket, Greig retired as a player but his influence on the game has continued to be felt and his controversial views are frequently aired.

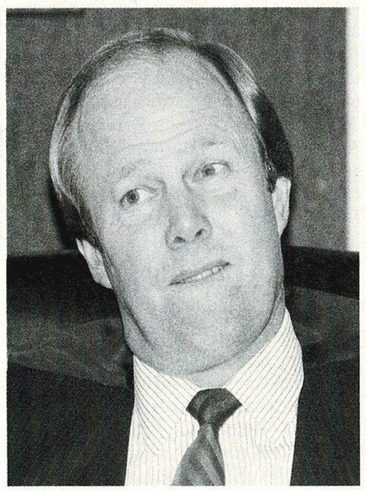
Now 39, Greig lives in Sydney with his wife and children and, in addition to his work on Network Nine's cricket commentary team, he is the managing director of a highly successful insurance firm. A proud South African who makes regular visits to his homeland, Greig is nevertheless outspoken about the injustices of apartheid. However, he believes that sporting isolation is doing as much harm as good.

Australian PLAYBOY *sent senior contributing editor* ***Phil Jarratt*** *to interview Greig about the past 10 turbulent years of international cricket and the "blond colossus's" part in them. Says Jarratt: "Watching his mannerisms out in the middle, or listening to that accent on the TV commentary, you can build up a healthy hatred of Tony Greig without ever having met him. It's even worse if you know a bit about cricket, because then you know that he'll stop at almost nothing to win. In person, however, the man is easygoing, affable and (Goddamnit!) quite likeable. While he is clearly a thinker, he doesn't waste too much time on the thought process, delivering his views forcefully, eloquently, and at machine-gun speed."*

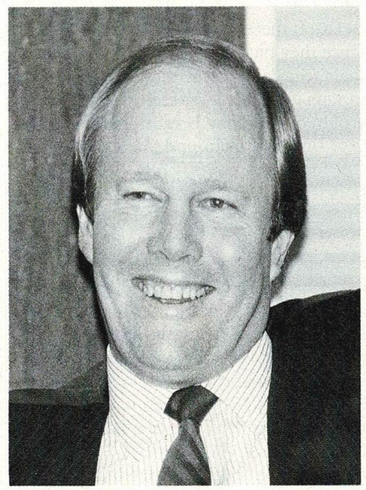
PLAYBOY: Let's go back about a decade, to a period when significant things were about to happen in world cricket. You were captain of English county team Sussex and playing for England under Mike Denness.

GREIG: I'm not very good on dates but certainly Denness was captain before me,

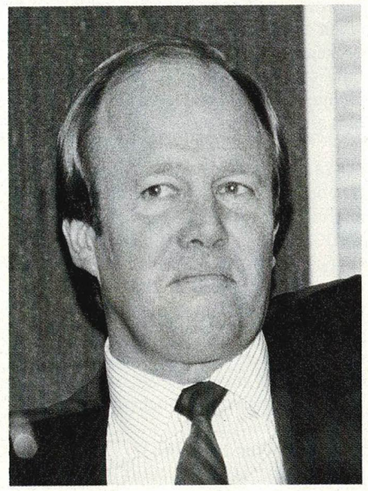
PETER SIMONS/AFTER IMAGE



"I've got no particular axe to grind about Ian Chappell. He was captain of the opposition, arch enemy number one. I didn't particularly like him, nor him me.



"I said to Hookesy, 'Tell me, son, have your knacks dropped?' to which he gave one of the great spontaneous replies, 'At least I'm playing for the country I was born in.'"



"I can remember Dennis Amiss sitting in the dressing room during the '74-'75 tour covered with bruises from facing Lillee. Lillee walked up to him and poured him a beer."

and I got the captaincy as a result of a mistake he made against Australia. This was during the days of uncovered wickets and, having won the toss, he decided to put them in to bat. They got too many, it rained and we got too few. That was sufficient to shift him out of the job and I got it.

PLAYBOY: Surely England had been looking for a strong captain before then?

GREIG: Yes, Illingworth was the last strong captain and I think it went back to the England tour of Australia in 1970-71, when he led his men off the field in Sydney. A lot of people felt he shouldn't have done that and even more felt he shouldn't have been captain in the first place, that he was too much of a professional in the old sense. Indeed, on that trip he was made captain ahead of Colin Cowdrey. It was a divided side and there were a lot of problems. Illingworth was in the gun, as it were, and he got shot. Tony Lewis was brought in as temporary captain and then Mike Denness took over. Denness was given the job way before he was ready for it and he hadn't really established himself as a regular test player. Nevertheless, he led England to Australia in 1974-5, which was my first official tour of Australia. I had toured with a World side a couple of years earlier, after the South African tour had been called off. So I went out under Denness and had a bloody good tour, which really gained me a degree of credibility and respect from my team-mates.

PLAYBOY: We seem to recall that you had more success with the bat than the ball.

GREIG: Well, anyone who was successful with the bat for England would be remembered because there weren't many of us. I made 103 in the first test at the Gabba, on a pitch that Lord Mayor Clem Jones made while he was canvassing votes for a coming election. [*Laughing*] It was a tough wicket and it was a tough series. Colin Cowdrey was sent out as a replacement when everyone started going down with broken hands and ribs. It was very tough but it set me up quite well. However, Denness was retained as captain at the end of it after he'd got a big hundred in the last test.

PLAYBOY: As his hold on the job was so tenuous, did you consider yourself as an alternative?

GREIG: By that stage I'd actually been vice-captain and had been demoted. I was vice-captain to Denness in the West Indies. Boycott was on that trip and he was a bit peeved that he wasn't vice-captain. Then I got involved in what some people regarded as a naughty incident over the runout of their batsman Alvin Kallicharan. I've never seen it that way.

PLAYBOY: What happened?

GREIG: Kallicharan was at the non-striker's end and about 150 not out. This was the Trinidad test match. Bernard Julien had just come in and he was nervous at the other end. I was fielding very close at silly point as Underwood bowled the last ball of the day. Julien hit it just past me and I turned around and picked it up. I looked up and Kallicharan was five yards out of his ground on the way to the pavilion. The umpire hadn't called the end of the day's play so I threw down his wicket and he was given out. There was very nearly a riot. The establishment press saw me as a bit of a villain, I think mainly because they didn't have a lot to write about that series. So, as a result of all this, John Edrich was made vice-captain to Australia and indeed captained the side when Denness dropped himself at Sydney. Denness and I are very good mates. In fact I later brought him out to Australia as my manager with the WSC World side in 1977. But, sure, Denness blew it in the first test against Australia in England in 1975. He made the mistake of listening to his senior batsmen and as a result put Australia in. That was the end of him. They were looking to give him the heave and they got him. I went out with him that Sunday, I'll never forget it. We tried to keep the Sunday papers from him — they were very nasty. I was the logical successor as one of the permanent members of the side at that time.

There are 60 million people in the UK and their loyalties aren't divided in summer: they're all for cricket.

PLAYBOY: Was there opposition to you on the grounds of your not having an old school tie?

GREIG: If there was, I wasn't conscious of it. Once they picked me to play, I was part of their team and I was therefore eligible to captain it. In fact I was seen as something of a public schoolboy because my dad had a very similar background to the parents of a few former captains. Colin Cowdrey was born in India, Ted Dexter was born in Italy, Freddie Brown was, I think, born in Germany. Quite a few England captains had been born in the colonies or in other countries of British parents. As well, I'd had a bloody good education at a government school in South Africa, so I was up there in terms of general knowledge and knowing how to present myself.

PLAYBOY: Was there no political bias against you as someone who had played in South Africa?

GREIG: Well, I got tremendous support from almost everyone, like Alec Bedser, who had toured there and really rebelled against all that sort of stuff. There was nothing like the lobby there is today. It wasn't such a political hot potato. In fact, in those early days I can remember getting behind Peter Hain, the anti-apartheid organiser. I'd toured India and the West Indies without any problems. I think there may have been one or two behind-the-scenes meetings to clear the way a little bit for me in these places. The English were big on prevention being better than cure.

PLAYBOY: As in, "Don't worry about Greigy, he's okay?"

GREIG: Not so much that, more along the lines of, "Listen, fellas, we expect you to respect the side we've picked just as we respect yours. We don't mind if you pick a Marxist."

PLAYBOY: If the political situation had been different, would you have played in England anyway, or would you have continued to play in South Africa?

GREIG: I think I would have played for England anyhow. The thing I had going for me was that my dad was a Scot and I was entitled to British citizenship. I wanted to go back and there was never any doubt in my mind that it would be bloody good fun to play cricket seven days a week. As it turns out, playing seven days a week is not such a good idea, but I did it and in four years I qualified to play for England. You see, I had always had professional coaches from England. They'd fly out after the English season and coach us at school. They were from Sussex so I had a connection there too. From the age of seven I was exposed to English cricket through our coaches and when I turned 19 I moved to England.

PLAYBOY: Captaining England must have seemed from afar like the best job in the world.

GREIG: Well, I suppose it's the most prestigious job in the cricketing world. There are 60 million people in the UK and their loyalties aren't divided in summer: they're all for cricket.

PLAYBOY: How old were you when you accepted the captaincy?

GREIG: Don't make it sound like I had to think it over. [*Laughing*] I've no idea how old I was, I'd have to work it out. [*He was 28.*] I took over from Denness against Australia at Lord's during the 1975 series and when the season was over I came down and had a summer with Waverley in the Sydney grade competition. Then I went back to England to face the West Indies and that was the year I said we were going to "make them grovel".

PLAYBOY: Before we discuss that memorable series, let's just recap your four tests captaining England against Australia in '75.

GREIG: They were one-nil up and they'd had a great series at home the previous summer, with Lillee and Thomson firing, and Walker there as well. Really, it was a matter of trying to stop the rot. I made a few selection changes straight away. I picked David Steele and brought John Snow back into the side. You never heard such noise in the pavilion at Lord's that first session of

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play, my first as captain. Snowy gave 'em heaps and we had them five for 30-odd at lunch.

PLAYBOY: Given the circumstances in which you picked up the England skipper's job, did you find yourself identifying with Allan Border's dilemma in picking up the reins from Kim Hughes last summer?

GREIG: Yes, I did, but it wasn't quite the same. Things seem to happen differently out here and at times I don't understand them, but I can assure you that Mike Denness's reign as captain was nothing like Kim Hughes's. That whole Hughes situation stemmed from World Series Cricket, and I think Australia is only now starting to climb out of some of the effects of that.

PLAYBOY: We'll come back to World Series Cricket, and to Hughes and Border, but for now let's just look at that first season of yours as skipper. Was adventurous selection your recipe for stopping the rot?

GREIG: I thought we could forget for a while about the blokes who looked pretty and pick some blokes who were prepared to die for England out there. I wanted guys who would grab that opportunity to play for England and give it everything they had. I wanted blokes who could handle a few bruises.

PLAYBOY: Were there serious disputes over your selection ideas?

GREIG: Oh, yes, as a result they changed the rules on the casting vote, took it away from the captain and gave it to the chairman. [*Laughing*]

PLAYBOY: How did you get on with the English Cricket Establishment?

GREIG: Oh, they never really worried me. I was allowed into the game by the Establishment. E.W. Swanton was a very good friend of mine, he did lots for me. I admired his writing although I found him a very pompous character. I won't have people say too many nasty things about Swanton. He took me to the West Indies as a youngster, in the Duke of Norfolk's Eleven, and you had to be on-side with the Establishment to make that team. You see, the Establishment works early on people, and I got the impression they were acclimatising me. See how he behaves, take him to a black country and see how he handles himself, see how often he clicks his fingers. With hindsight I can look back and think, well, they're smart, those poms. You see Swanton wasn't about to write me up as a potential England player unless he'd seen how I behaved.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel as captain of England that your behavior was being watched in much the same way?

GREIG: Oh, no, it was too late then, they'd made me captain. They knew that I had the capacity to confront them if I didn't accept something, or to apologise for something I'd done wrong.

PLAYBOY: They considered you rough as guts but effective?

GREIG: I don't know that I was as rough as guts. I got on with everyone and I loved the tradition of Lord's. As a kid I'd sat in my old man's bed listening to the commentators broadcasting from Lord's, and when I first played there I got a bit of turf and sent it back to my old man as a souvenir. All the tradition that goes with English cricket to this day remains dear to me. I'm not in favor of changing any of it. So the Establishment liked me for that, and I'll tell you what else helped: I developed the British mickey-taking mentality. I found that taking the mickey was the best way to get a message through without confronting anybody.

PLAYBOY: Were you able to avoid confrontations within the England team?

GREIG: I found early on that one of the most vital aspects of team leadership was to have your hand firmly on the head of the leader of the pack as it were, especially on tour. There's always one bloke — sometimes two — who the players gravitate toward at night. The life-of-the-party blokes. Willis was mine, and as a result I controlled six or eight others who would be the blokes who'd cause the problems. Of course if a real problem arose I would confront it, but I've never been big on slamming doors.

I found early on that one of the most vital aspects of leadership was to have your hand firmly on the leader of the pack, as it were, especially on tour.

PLAYBOY: Were you plagued by former captains in your team?

GREIG: I don't think Denness was picked again but Brian Close played and Edrich. I didn't have the constant presence of a deposed captain, but that wouldn't have worried me.

PLAYBOY: If you were David Gower, how would you deal with Ian Botham?

GREIG: That would be a classic example of controlling the leader of the pack. I never had a problem with Botham, but I might have been lucky because he was a youngster then. I like Botham a lot, I've always considered him to be a good mate and I reckon he's great value. But I certainly wouldn't have allowed him to carry on the way he does about field placement. That is undermining the captain's role and is just not on. Maybe I would have given a little bit when he was bowling, but when he wasn't. . . well, I would have been standing next to him at first slip, which Gower can't do. I would have consulted him but I wouldn't have let him call the shots. I don't care what other people think but you have to know yourself that you are in charge.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of Ian Chappell's view that Botham somehow contributed to Australia's downfall in the last series through being too matey on and off the field?

GREIG: I think it's rubbish and Border has said the same thing. Australia was just beaten by a better side. I know Botham is quite friendly with Border and several of the Australians, but there's nothing new in that. It's what cricket is all about. You have to be able to take the heat out of the game by winding down with the other side. It doesn't come easy for some people. I can remember Denis Amiss sitting in the dressing room during the '74-'75 tour covered with bruises from facing Lillee. Lillee walked up to him and poured him a beer. Amiss took it but he found it very difficult to be sociable in that situation.

PLAYBOY: You have to feel a bit sorry for Gower. He scored all those runs last winter and he's still not the hero Botham is.

GREIG: And never will be, but he's got a tremendous amount of support over there. When he finally broke his bad run in the one-day matches he was cheered right off the ground. They wanted him to succeed, and I think the crowd realised how important it was for England's batting that he did. He may not be the best captain in the world but he's the best they've got at the moment and he's good enough to play. They could go down the course they've been down before and appoint someone who's not good enough to play, but they won't make that mistake again in a hurry.

PLAYBOY: Did leadership help your confidence as a player?

GREIG: I don't think it did, really. I don't think it affected it one way or the other. If I hadn't been captain I would have paid more attention to my own game. I would have worked a bit harder at the end of my career on the short pitched ball rather than going to selection meetings and making appearances. I copped a lot of bouncers in '76 and by the time I got to World Series, boy, I was in urgent need of a crash helmet! [*Laughing*]

PLAYBOY: Were the bouncers you copped during the '76 West Indies tour of England a direct result of your notorious "we're gonna make them grovel" remark?

GREIG: That got blown up because I was South African, no doubt about it. I'd been in Australia that previous summer when the West Indies toured there, playing for Waverley and commentating on Channel Ten, and I'd seen the mighty West Indies humbled 5-1. They had all these fast bowlers and they still got nailed. I was a bit annoyed when I went back to England and all they could talk about was how great this West Indian side was. I said, "Now hang on, there's a weakness there and if we can get to it we'll make them grovel." The English press took it out of context and gave me heaps, but I deserved it. Hell, did it stir the West Indies up!

PLAYBOY: Was there personal animosity towards you?

GREIG: A bit. Not Clive Lloyd. He's made a few public statements over the years, but on a personal level I get on very well with him. I consider him to be a friend. He knows me well enough to know that the connotations the press put on that remark were not what it was about.

PLAYBOY: So where did the heat come from?

GREIG: Oh, the fast bowlers. Andy Roberts has always been surly but Holding gave me a big touch-up. I responded with verbal abuse. I was a bit of a jabberer when it was tough. [*Laughing*] I was always inclined to try and throw people with it. The Brisbane test in '74-'75 was an example. Lillee will say that he never bowled quicker. I will tell you that he never bowled with more determination or aggression. I antagonised the hell out of him and he tried to bowl fast rather than bowl me out. He was a better bowler after that because he didn't let it happen quite so readily.

Getting back to the West Indies, I had seen Roberts and Viv Richards play as kids. Roberts was medium pace and we all thought we knew how to play him. You'd smack him for four off the front foot and then get on the back for the next one because he'd run in and hurl one down two yards faster. Viv was just a straight slogger — block three and slog and they'd go miles up. I'd seen them on the various islands when I went over with the Duke of Norfolk's team, and then I'd been back with Denness before they had made the big time. So in '76 I was inclined to try anything to achieve the effect I'd had on Lillee. Andy Roberts could handle all of it. Holding just ran in and bowled as fast as he could.

PLAYBOY: When all else fails against pace bowling do you spread the rumor that "he chucks his quick one"?

GREIG: On numerous occasions all over the world I've stood at the non-striker's end and I've said in front of the umpire, "keep that bloody arm straight!" Not just against the quicks either, I've done it to spinners in India! That's all part of the game of cricket. Words are part of every sport. I must say that in my experience the West Indians and the Indians handled the words a hell of a lot better than the Australians ever did. Or the South Africans for that matter.

PLAYBOY: At the begining of 1977 *The Times* estimated your annual income at £150,000 [*$300,000*], with only a tenth of it coming from playing cricket.

GREIG: Well, I don't know how they arrived at those figures. When I went to Australia to play for Waverley in '75-'76 they paid me $20,000, but that club had marketing men behind it and they got $10,000 from Waltons and another $10,000 from Hamlyns for me to write a book, so they got me for very little. But they put me on the road in Australia. While I was here I was introduced to the people from Kellogg's and I signed a contract for $35,000 to make two commercials a year. Now that was more money than I was making for playing cricket all year around. I used to get £210 [*about $420*] a test match and about three grand a season from Sussex. You got three grand for a tour, so that'd be six grand a year plus another grand or so from the tests you played at home.

PLAYBOY: If you'd stayed on as England captain, would you have been assured of financial security?

GREIG: Well, you have only to turn up at a test match, go up to the commentary box and ask the former players, many of whom will be former captains of England, what's your job? They'll say a bit of this, a bit of that. I don't mean to be nasty to them but the truth is that not many kick on in a good, settled job. I think I would have done okay, but I would have left England in any event. South Africa was not an alternative for me, and I had always loved Australia. I'd always seen it as a young, go-ahead country where you could get involved in some meaningful work. My worry was not so much cash but what I was going to be doing for the next 35 years, having gone through one of the most enjoyable periods that anyone could go through. I did the thing I loved to do, but it was like a good book. Each game a page, each season a chapter, and you get to that last page and you close the bloody thing up and you say: that was marvellous but what am I going to read now? I had to have a new challenge.

PLAYBOY: Let's just talk briefly about your

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successful tour of India at the end of 1976. . .

GREIG: Unbelievably successful! England hadn't won out there since Jardine.

PLAYBOY: It must have restored your confidence and ego after the drubbing against the West Indies.

GREIG: No, not really. The greatest problem in world cricket was handling pace, and the problem was directly related to the quality of the wickets. That was still the problem but in India we were able to go back to playing cricket against the guile of spin, and it was so bloody enjoyable. I think I love India more than anywhere else because of the absolute fun associated with playing cricket there. I've toured there twice, we lost once and we won once, but I love India and so does my wife.

PLAYBOY: It must be wonderful, all those curries and sweep shots.

GREIG: Add to that the temperament of the players. Those Indians are bloody marvellous. There are no better people than the Sunil Gavaskars of this world.

PLAYBOY: From India you went straight to Melbourne for the 1977 Centenary Test, which turned out to be your last as captain of England.

GREIG: Yes, but I've nothing but fond memories of that great match. It was probably the greatest test I've played in, a wonderful contest. No doubt there have been better tests but this one captured everyone's imagination. It was a seesawing match and we could so easily have won it. Our chances of getting so many runs in a second innings were pretty remote at the start, but there was a stage where Greg Chappell in particular seemed of the opinion that we would win. Derek Randall had got his 100 and was hitting them all over the ground and suddenly it looked attainable. Then Rodney Marsh made one of the greatest sporting gestures I've ever seen. Randall was given out caught behind. The fact that he never hit it — my assessment and Randall's — was irrelevant. Marshy scooped the catch and he got up and told the umpire it hadn't carried. The umpires conferred and they brought him back. Greg Chappell was bowling and he couldn't believe it. [*Laughing*] I believe he later asked Marshy if he'd gone all religious or something!

PLAYBOY: It probably had little to do with the result of the match, but the moment of the Centenary Test that lives in the memories of Australians is that over of yours when the young tyro David Hookes belted you for five successive boundaries. To borrow a phrase from Mojo, how did you feel?

GREIG: I remember it well, probably because it later inspired Bradman to say in his speech that he'd seen the new Messiah or something. Actually, it never worried me because two of those shots I could have had him.

PLAYBOY: What exactly were your words of welcome to Australia's exciting new strokeplayer?

GREIG: I questioned his manhood.

PLAYBOY: Can you be more specific?

GREIG: I said, "Tell me, son, have your knacks dropped?" I was sitting at silly point at the time, right on his nose.

PLAYBOY: To which he replied?

GREIG: To which he gave one of the great spontaneous replies of modern cricket. Underwood was on his way in to deliver and Hookesy backed off and he looked me right in the eye and he said, "At least I'm playing for the country I was born in." I was very impressed with the bloke and I can honestly say that it saddens me he hasn't kicked on. That's got to do with leadership too. I think he was made a cobber too quickly. You have to earn your stripes.

PLAYBOY: Did you have any inkling during that great match that it would be your last as captain of England?

GREIG: None whatsoever. To this day people will not believe that I knew nothing about World Series Cricket at that point, but it's the truth. Apparently the Chappells knew something and so did Marsh. They walked out and said something about it being the last time they would ever play at the MCG, or so I'm told. I subsequently learned from Kerry Packer that they did know and had formed the view that I wouldn't be a part of it.

The greatest problem in world cricket was handling pace. In India we were able to go back to playing the guile of spin and it was bloody enjoyable.

PLAYBOY: Didn't you go directly from that match to an appointment with Packer?

GREIG: Well, that was the way it turned out but at the time I didn't know very much about Kerry Packer. My manager was Bruce Francis and my other Sydney contact was Gerry Brooks of Kellogg's. I was rather anxious to set up an exclusive deal with a network and they arranged for a meeting with Packer. The name really meant nothing to me. I went into this meeting with Kerry, who initially spoke in very broad terms about the whole deal. He said, "I want to put something to you but I want an undertaking from you first." I undertook to keep my own counsel and he told me about his plans for World Series Cricket.

PLAYBOY: What was your initial reaction to his offer?

GREIG: That I'd heard it all before. There'd been some Indian who'd come up with a similar plan which never happened. Then I wanted to get out, to get away and think it through. I can remember lying on the floor at Bruce Francis's place trying to work it out. This bloke had offered me 25 big ones a year and I'd be off to the West Indies straight away to make it all happen. I decided to go with it and worry about the consequences later. I may have been a little naive in that I didn't know Kerry very well and I had to go out and sell it on his word, but very early on I got the gut feeling that he had made a commitment to us and that he would stick by us.

PLAYBOY: Did you have to wrestle with the idea of forfeiting the England captaincy?

GREIG: It wasn't an easy decision but I think you're making it sound harder than it was. The hard part was, having made it, to keep up appearances. I went back to England and ran smack bang into a *This Is Your Life* program! I had Eamonn Andrews standing on bloody Victoria Station saying, "Tony Greig, captain of England, this is your life!" And only I knew what I'd just done in Australia.

PLAYBOY: You then travelled around the world signing players, didn't you?

GREIG: I went to the West Indies where they were playing Pakistan. I was there to sign the players we wanted from both teams but not even my wife knew that. She thought we were on a holiday. I flew into Trinidad and met with our legal guy who had flown in from Australia. Then I talked to Clive Lloyd and got him to deliver the five guys we wanted, then talked to Asif Iqbal and got him to deliver the Pakistanis. We signed them all then and there with the exception of Michael Holding who wasn't fit. We had to fly to Jamaica to get him.

PLAYBOY: Did the players generally welcome you as the cricketing version of the cargo cult?

GREIG: That's going a bit far but I don't think the West Indians thought about it as much as some others might have. I think they felt they were above being kicked out of the fold. That they were needed too much, that they would be accepted back. I had anticipated problems — there were five South Africans in my World team. Kerry had to address the political consequences of what we were doing.

PLAYBOY: Did you receive any notable knockbacks?

GREIG: I received none. Boycott agreed initially and then knocked it back later when he found out it wasn't a collection of oldies. I remember giving him a hard time for it. There weren't many English players and the ones we wanted were my mates. There wasn't a problem. I picked the best side I could conceive of.

PLAYBOY: The story broke as a result of a party at your home, did it not?

GREIG: That's right. I've always had a thing about reciprocating hospitality and the way sportsmen travel around the world having a bloody nice time in people's homes. The

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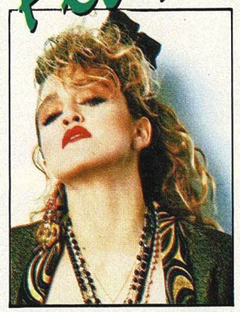
MORE NUDE
Madonna

OUT SOON

BEATS WORKIN'

Psst! You wanna be a rock'n'roll star? Do it for love, someone else will make the money.

Article by **GREG TAYLOR**

IN THE AFTERMATH of the worst show they've ever played, or when the truck's broken down, or all the amps have blown up, some joker in the band will sigh noisily, filch the last can of beer and say, "Ah, well. . . it beats workin' for a living."

It's funny the first time, suicide-provoking the tenth, but most of the general public and an astonishing number of musos still subscribe to the sentiment. In fact, despite the best efforts of cynicism, the whole music industry retains a glamor for most of us dumb schmucks slaving at day jobs. Even if we won't admit to a yearning for the legendary sex'n'drugs, we suspect some guys are having a lot of fun

ILLUSTRATION BY GEOFF KELLY

Career musician par excellence Tommy Emmanuel (right) with his brother Phil.

making squillions out of rock'n'roll.

That's probably why there are so many bands around. Australia has the biggest live rock scene per head of population in the world, according to the American industry bible, *Variety*. Most of them barely make the rent, let alone squillions.

You start off almost paying to play. The support gig circuit has lots of gigs for $150-$300. After you've paid for PA and truck hire and/or a roadie or two (if you're lucky enough to use the main act's gear), and paid 10 to 15 percent to the booking agent who got you the job, and split the rest three or more ways, there's probably a beer or two in it.

On the other hand, there's room for almost unlimited hope. Doors may be yet to open but they haven't slammed in your face. You hang on to your day job (spelt D-O-L-E), build up a loyal following and a file of (hopefully) favorable reviews, and dream of the evening when some management or record company heavy chooses your gin-joint ahead of all the other gin-joints in the world.

Don't hold your breath. The pop record industry sells about $150 million worth of records and tapes a year in Australia, but the local component is worth less than a fifth of that, and the proportion emanating from new bands is tiny. There are "alternative" record companies who with love, dedication and non-existent profit levels give some deserving tyros a vinyl break, but generally the only commercial potential is with the majors — CBS, EMI, Polygram, WEA and RCA — and the bigger Australians such as Festival, Mushroom and Regular. No one else can afford the failures needed for success.

Despite the companies' best efforts, pop is still a lottery. Every week 20 or so singles and a dozen or more albums are slung against the wall of public taste and only a few stick. One Michael Jackson record will pay for a hundred duds, but the fact remains that record companies only survive by being very cautious, hard-nosed gamblers.

Of course, record companies are where lots of the money and some of the fun of rock'n'roll reside. Leaving aside the alternative independents (which without a substantial personal fortune you are well-advised to do), working for a record company can be great — if you like long hours, a lot of competition, and a daily fix of excitement and despair to go with the structured paths of advancement, regular holidays and superannuation of any large manufacturing corporation.

Because, apart from the routine clerical and packing, the creative side of record company work demands a translation of your subjective opinions ("They're a great band and this is a really amazing track. . .") into tangible success (". . . and this week we made all the playlists and it's *number five with a bullet!*"). And if the record bombs, no amount of screaming about the arsehole music programmer at 2QUAK is going to make you look any better. It's your job to pick and sell records, and you'd better hope your next one is something surefire like Dire Straits.

Philip Mortlock, the 29-year-old creative services manager at WEA, will concede that he has one of the best possible jobs in this hyped-up supermarket. He's served his time in promotions, but also hung on to his initial occupation as a sleeve designer and translated it into his current responsibility for The Look: covers, posters, photos, band bios, press releases, videos, T-shirts — "The something that happens after the artist & repertoire person has finished, and before the master tape turns into a piece of black vinyl."

He's vague about his salary, but it's certainly better than the base-line $25,000 per annum that the PR flacks would be getting. And at this company at least, talent doesn't have to beg to be recognised: "I've been in the same job for four years, and the wage hasn't just kept up with the latest government figures or whatever."

However, he admits that the record business has a high dissatisfaction potential. "A lot of people think they're worth more than they really are; there are a lot of chips on a lot of shoulders."

Round about his age, the late twenties, is when the irked start changing jobs, jumping from company to company in a desperate search for more respect, more power to do the campaigns they always thought they could. Mortlock recognises the phenomenon but believes it's better to sit where you are and build a damn good reputation at what you're doing.

"Moving up is purely your own incentive," he said. "If you go home at 5 o'clock, you miss out on that hour after everybody else goes home when some work gets done — when the phones stop ringing and you can talk." Getting access to that fruitful twilight is largely tenacity. Mortlock says that quite a few of the creative staff at record companies start off in the warehouse or on the switchboard. After that, the requirements are just your basic brilliant flair and breathtaking competence. . .

And it helps if you really like music. "Don't try to be blatantly commercial," warns Mortlock. "If I heard someone talking about 'What the kids want', I'd know they were on the wrong track straight away."

Looking around at the piles of records, photograph folders and video tapes, he says softly: "When I was going out on the job to see bands like Cold Chisel it was just enjoyable to see them play. And if other people were there, they were fortunate too."

Meanwhile, our young band is trying to turn into the next Cold Chisel by just surviving until next month. And despite the horrors of the support circuit and general industry moaning about how expensive it is to go on the road these days, it is possible to make a reasonable living out of live work if you've got a good name.

Of course, to get that name you've got to have worked live a lot. The only way out of this catch-22 is to be on the books of a powerful agency, and although there are several reputable firms, in Sydney or Melbourne that means just one thing: Harbour-Premier.

Harbour-Premier represents 90-odd local acts and also books some overseas tours. Everything from support gigs to bands who can ask one, two or three thousand dollars

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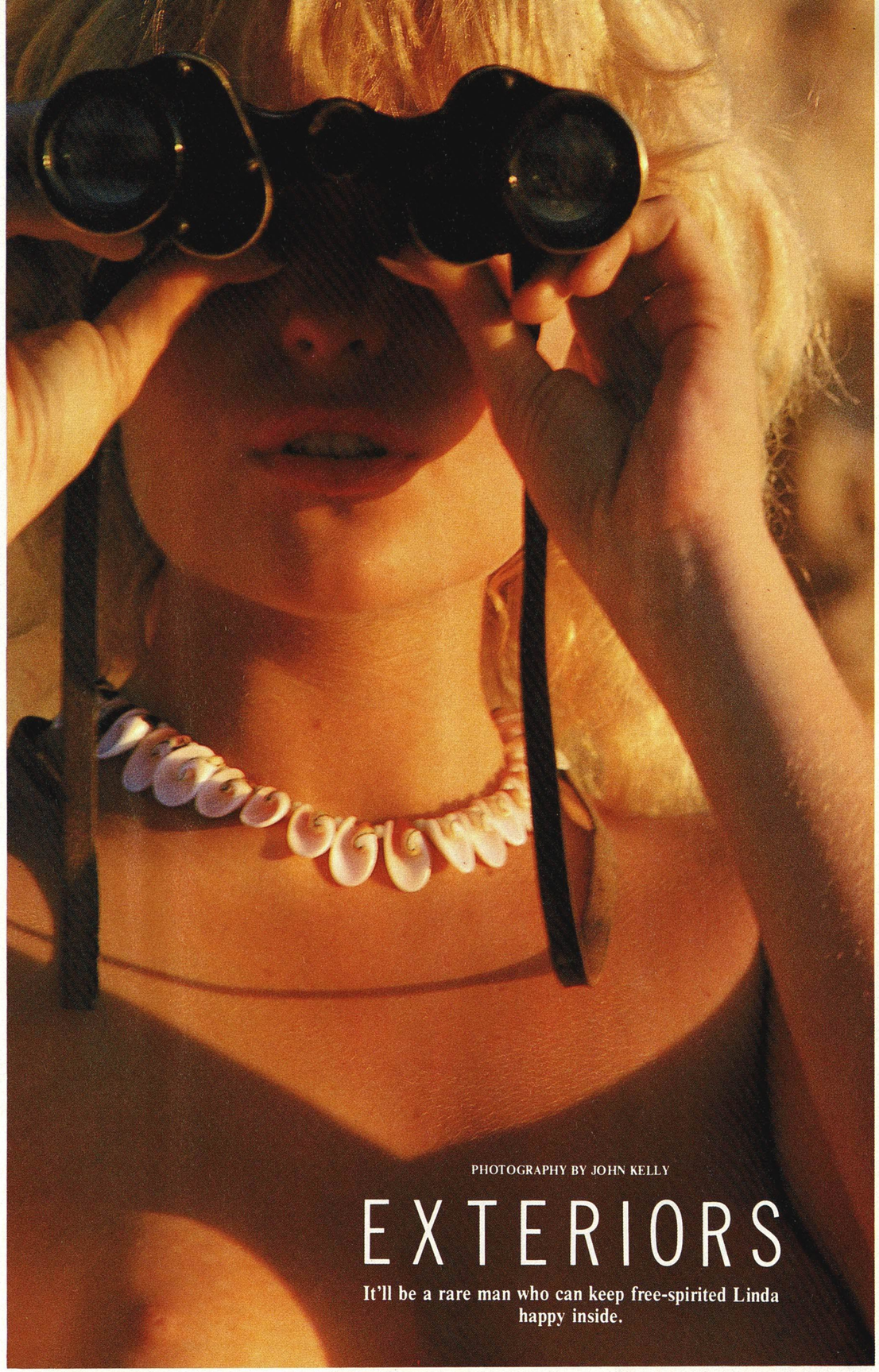


PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN KELLY

EXTERIORS

It'll be a rare man who can keep free-spirited Linda happy inside.

Beautiful blonde Linda Krijgsman hates to be trapped indoors. "Staying inside makes me very restless," she explains. "Australia is such a dramatic country with so many different landscapes and I consider it a waste of time to be confined to a city office when I could be out enjoying the beach, the bush and the desert."

Linda has been modelling for two and a half years and she prefers to work in short, concentrated stints doing photographic and parade assignments, and then to travel for months at a time. "Photographer John Kelly and I roamed all over the place to do this pictorial," says Linda. "We explored Hamilton Island, mountains, rainforests and the Northern Territory outback, and now I feel that I really know this fabulous country."

"I like a man who's independent and who has a strong streak of ambition," says Linda. "I don't like indecisive males. I'm looking for someone to offer me lots of love and security. I find success a very seductive commodity. Oh, and he would have to share my love of nature. That's essential. It's going to be a rare man who can keep me satisfied staying indoors!"

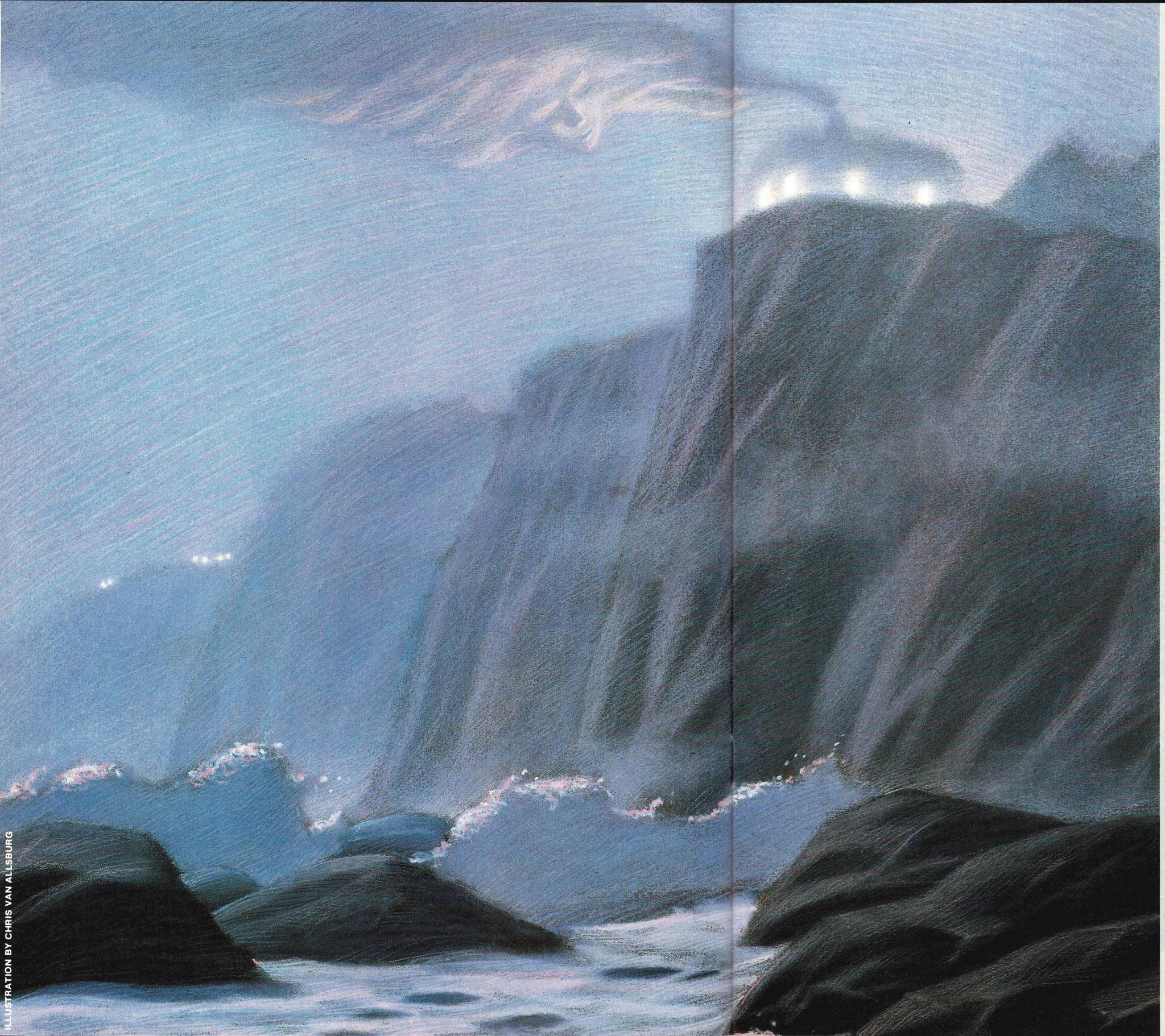


ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS VAN ALLSBURG

STRANGER IN THE NIGHT

I wanted to spend the longest night of the year with this mysterious woman. But what did she want?

I THOUGHT I had set off in good time, but this was the shortest day of the year. I was in ancient Yorkshire, walking the coast north of Whitby. It was twilight before I had gone 10 miles, and at Runswick Bay and Kettleness I found it hard to see my feet. It was that uncertain time of day, just after a winter sunset, when the way is made visible by the pale sky showing in puddles on the muddy path.

And then everything was black. I stumbled on until I saw a wavering light. This is how I came to Blackby Hole. The village was not yet visible, but I knew there were cottages hidden in the nearby darkness, because there was in the air the burnt-toast smell of smoke from coal fires, the sharpest odor on frosty nights in English villages. There was only darkness and this coal smoke for a few hundred yards, and then clammy air rolled over me, and the next time I saw the light it was smudged and refracted by the drifting fog.

This was the north — I had expected snow, but the sea-fog was stranger and just as cold and penetrating. It was as if I lay with my face against a slab, and the ghostly progress of sloshing surf on the foreshore under the cliffs suggested terrible things. I imagined stepping off one of those cliffs, or else the edge breaking under me and the loose chunks of headland bearing me down and flinging me into the black water.

I regretted this trip already. England is one of those safe, civilised countries where a traveller has to go to a great deal of trouble to place himself in danger, but I had now succeeded in placing myself at risk. The light showed me a stile. I plunged

Fiction by PAUL THEROUX

over it and into a narrow lane. I heard the creak of a sign before I saw the pub itself — The Crossed Keys. And cottages appeared suddenly, as dripping walls and shuttered windows. I was muddy and cold, so I decided to warm myself by the open fire at the Crossed Keys. There was a sign saying VACANCIES in the window; but I procrastinated. If I could find a bus or a lift out of the village I would leave this very night.

I saw tangled strings of colored lights and hanging ribbons. And there were bunches of holly on the beams, one round holly wreath on the wall, and a twist of tuberous mistletoe drooping over the door. Because these plants were real, and dying, they seemed funereal rather than festive to me. Now I saw people: two men in chairs and a woman on the far side of the horseshoe shape of the bar. They had not moved when I entered: I had taken them for pieces of furniture. It was that kind of country pub. But why should they notice me? They must have seen plenty of travellers like me. I was haggard from weeks of tramping, and masked with a beard I had grown because I was sick of seeing my face in hotel mirrors, and wearing ridiculous boots. And who is a more unpromising companion than a man bent under a knapsack?

So I was the first to speak, but I had to wait some minutes for an opportunity. The bell over the door tinkled as a little old woman in a loudly crackling plastic mac entered with a small, wet dog.

"A tin of shandy and a packet of cheese-and-onion flavored crisps," she said.

At the sound of the bell a man had appeared from the rear of the pub. He grunted and filled the woman's order, and I noticed he handled her money using his enormous thumbs. The woman fed the crisps to the dog, talking the whole while. And then she was gone. That was my opportunity.

"I don't think I've ever seen a dog do that."

When I spoke, the two men in the chairs stood up and left the pub.

"I wonder whether it's hard for him to swallow them," I said.

"I reckon it's right easy like." This was the man behind the bar, probably the publican, a balding, round-eyed fellow in a sweater that was much too big for him. He looked at me briefly and said, "I'm stepping inside for my tea," and he left.

"They don't like to talk about Mrs Pickering," the next voice said. It was the woman on the far side of the bar. "You've driven them away."

"I have that effect on some people," I said, and when she obliged me by laughing I said, "Why don't you join me? It's much warmer here by the fire."

To my surprise she took the other chair by the hearth and said, "I never know whether it's all right to sit here. There are a couple of old boys who always use these chairs."

She had beautiful teeth, and bright eyes, and soft hair cut short, and a pale indoor complexion. Lost in studying her, I gabbled without thinking, wanting only to keep her there by the fire. I had not spoken to anyone all day. Such long silences always made me feel invisible, so talking to that woman I became real again — and more, I became hopeful.

"And what is the mystery about Mrs Pickering?"

"No mystery. It is well-known." The woman stared solemnly at me and I was sorry I had been so chirpy. "She murdered her fiance."

I tried to remember Mrs Pickering's face. I strained, and recollected a sad, shawled figure in small boots. I vaguely recalled the crackling raincoat, the fingerless woollen gloves; she had no face. My distinct memory was of a wet terrier smacking his jaws and half-choking in his effort to eat the crisps.

"Not everyone is what they seem."

"She seemed very sweet," I said.

"I was thinking of her fiance. He was a busybody and a terrible bully. Like a lot of men with sexual problems he was very aggressive and violent. The local people knew what he was like, and what she had to put up with. It was only strangers who were fooled by him. She killed him one night with a bill-hook. He deserved it. She was given a suspended sentence — an incredibly wise decision. But no one likes to talk about her."

I accepted it and answered her question, saying I had come from Whitby. "By the way, my name is Edward Medford." The false name slipped out, in spite of my desire to tell her the truth. I almost laughed at the oddness of it. "Can I get you a drink?"

"I'd love another drink. This is a whisky," she said. "I didn't have any in the house — I'm battling a cold." When I returned with the drink she was stoking the fire, tonging lumps of splintery coal from a scuttle. She thanked me for the drink and said, "I'm Rachel Haven."

She might have been 40, she could have been a bit more, and she seemed subdued. It was an effort for her to smile but she breathed in nicely when she did so. She struck me as independent and fearless, and solitary if not lonely. She seemed totally self-reliant and frank. She was not afraid of me. I found her extremely attractive.

We talked about the fog, the crumbling cliffs, the Crossed Keys, and the distance to Saltburn, where there was a railway station. Then I said, "What's there to do around here?"

"I listen to the wireless or play my gramophone. And I do a great deal of reading."

I was too depressed to think of a proper response. I stroked my beard and saw that my silence was making her self-conscious.

"I suppose it is a very quiet life. But it suits me." She leaned forward and said, "What's that insignia on your tie?"

"Royal Geographical Society," I said. "I wear it when I'm hiking. Helps my morale." I lifted the little gold emblem with my thumb, sort of offering it to her.

"Ties are very phallic," she said.

I let the thing drop, and I thought: *Ties?*

"It's obvious, isn't it?" she queried, perhaps because I had not said anything.

I straightened up so that my tie wouldn't dangle, and I smoothed it against my shirt.

We had another drink, and another, and went on talking in this way. She was full of unexpected remarks. The wind in the chimney disturbed the fire. No one else entered the pub.

"What time does this place close?"

"Half-ten," she said. "But if we left before then he'd probably shut up shop. It's a filthy night."

"But where would we go?"

She had a lovely smile. It was more than a facial expression — it was a beautiful thought in her eyes and on her mouth. She said, "My cottage isn't far. We could have a drink there. You haven't let me buy my round!"

All the while I had been wondering how this might end. I still did not know, but at

(continued on page 108)

"We're here to circumcise the whale."

TOURIST TRAPS

Any Aussie traveller is fair game on foreign turf. A bloke should know how to keep one step ahead of the ruses and rip-offs.

YOU ARE IN PARIS, the City of Eternal Light, and you are with a young lady of surpassing beauty and you have discovered sex abroad is better than sex at home. Your tourist guidebook tells you the best striptease show in the world is at the Crazy Horse Saloon, so you front up for an evening's spectacle. You are shown to a table which is larger than an ashtray — not much, but larger — from which you can peer over the heads of what seem to be most of the world's Japanese executives.

On the stage a group of young ladies who look as if they've been cloned — even their pubic hair is trimmed to exactly matching shapes — go through a series of imaginative dance routines during which they do indeed get all their gear off.

It doesn't send you into a frenzy of erotic delight to see a group of females dressed on the top half as American footballers and naked from the waist down, but it is interesting, decorative and mildly amusing.

While the show is in progress you and your companion are each given a glass of a fizzy substance that no one dares call champagne because of the strict laws of *appelation controllee*. But it is cold, sparkling, sweet and very possibly alcoholic.

Half-way into the show you would kill for a Foster's. Using telepathic suggestion you manage to get a waiter to bring you a beer which, as you are about to find out, actually boasts with complete accuracy that it's the most expensive beer in Europe.

At the end of the show you have a crick in your neck from straining to see the stage and slight dyspepsia from drinking the pseudo-champagne. Still, you have seen an entertaining strip show, although you may feel if that's the best Paris can offer, the rest must be double doggo. Then they bring the bill. Your feeling of mild euphoria immediately evaporates. Working quickly to convert from French francs, you realise it is $163.

This cannot be correct. After all, you didn't break a bloody window.

Sure the bill is correct and sure you will have to pay it unless you want to spend the night inside a Parisian prison cell (and having experienced this, I can strongly advise you not to bother).

You feel you have been ripped off and you are correct. For you are a tourist and tourists get ripped off. You have made the first mistake that any tourist can make. You have gone to an establishment designed specifically for tourists and, by extension, for ripping them off. How could you have avoided the mistake?

Rule 1: Do not follow any recommendation in a giveaway tourist guide. That way lies disaster. More importantly, do not go anywhere which advertises its delights in both English and Japanese. That way lies double disaster.

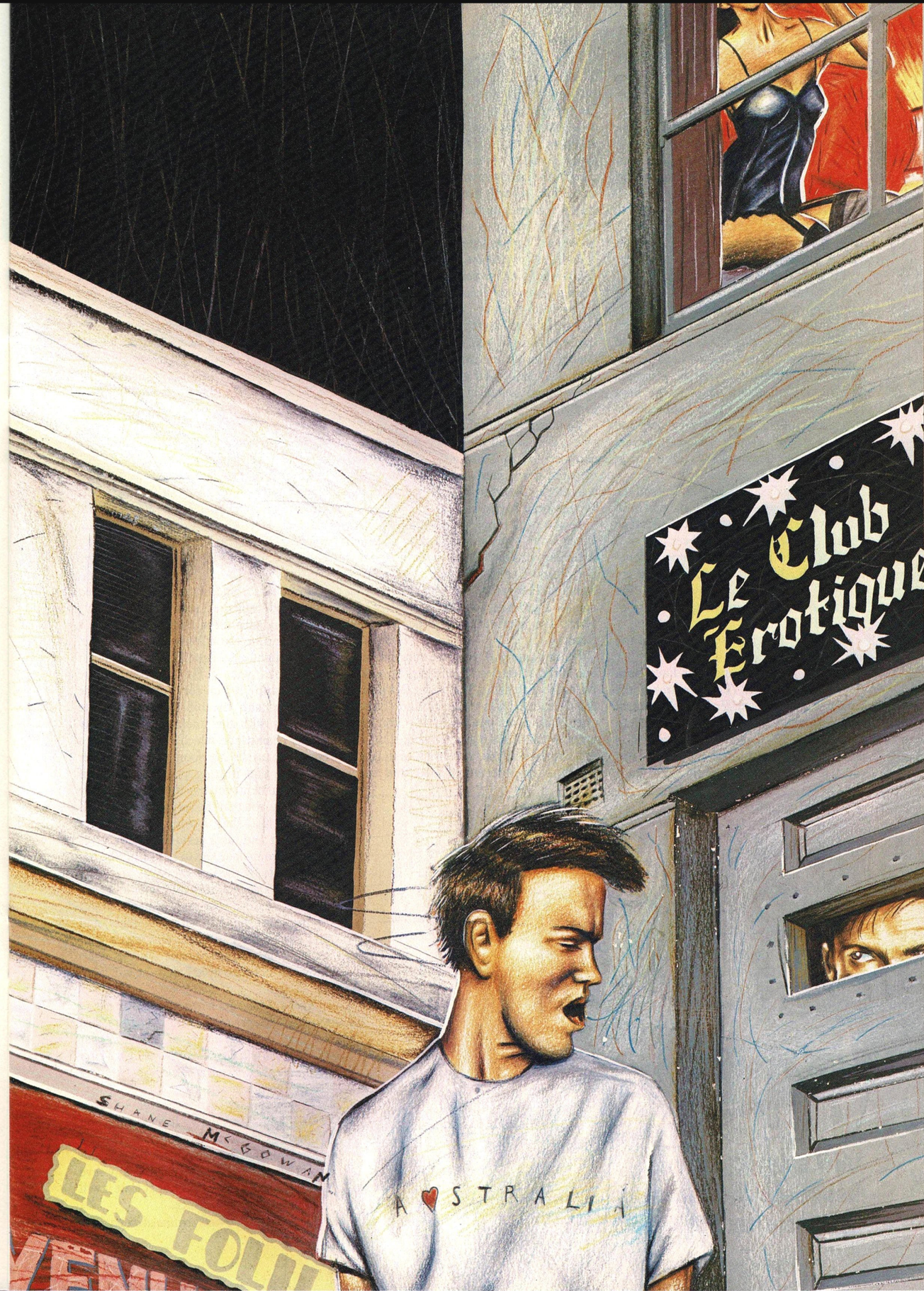
Another night, another city. You are on a package tour to Hong Kong and decide to spend an evening seeing the girlie bars. Not that you are going to indulge, just look. No point in risking a social disease.

You wander through Kowloon dazzled by windows offering you watches, hi-fi gear and cameras in Aladdin's cave profusion until you come to what we'll call the Party Club. You are, you think, in safe hands. The place looks clean and well patronised. Although you are not a member, the large and amiable Sikh doorman entices you in with whispers of forbidden delights and says because you have a lucky face, membership will be specially waived.

You spring downstairs into a basement where all is pink lighting, velvet banquettes and relatively decorative young ladies dressed in what could pass as bunny costumes except the ears are too small and the tails are slightly soiled. And when it comes to mammiferous endowment the young ladies are not in the race. They are not just flat chested, they may possibly be concave.

Behind the bar are two young ladies with healthy lungs unencumbered by any

Article by GARETH POWELL



drapery although they, too, are wearing bunny ears. (A small trade secret. Those healthy sets of lungs owe more to the wonders of a Doctor Cheung and silicone implants than to Mother Nature.)

You order a San Miguel beer, the local brew, and as you take the first sip the two barmaids home in on you, guided by a built-in radar tourist detector, so there are four delightful naked norks joggling away in front of your very eyes. To right and left the two waitresses have appeared as reinforcements to keep you company.

The barmaids ask where you are from and coo approval at the thought that their lowly establishment has been honored by the arrival of a real Australian. One barmaid suggests you all have a "good luck" drink, without indicating who will be shouting. You are considering the matter — you have not accepted and have not refused — when four glasses of what seems to be whisky and is, in fact, cold green tea appear and are drained in seconds by the assembled force of females.

If at that precise second you demand the bill you will be astounded to learn that in 30 seconds you have spent $61. Australian dollars that is. Although the beer only cost HK$18, there is an entertainment cover charge of HK$50 and the ladies' drinks are HK$60 each, which converts to $61 Australian. You are drinking at a rate of about $2 a second.

You can, of course, stop there and the ladies will vanish.

You are a tourist and you have been ripped off yet again. You have broken the second rule of tourism. You have let control of the situation pass from your hands into theirs. You have become the classic mug punter. What you should have done — and you will see case-hardened travellers do it all the time — is demanded to know the price of the beer before you ordered. And on the suggestion that anyone is buying "good luck" drinks you should have refused firmly and immediately. All those beautiful young things would then immediately have disappeared and you would have been left to enjoy your solitary beer in comfort. It is a policy I have adopted throughout South-East Asia which is why I am generally known as "Cheapskate Charlie".

Rule 2: Always know what you are going to be screwed for before you get screwed. Even if it makes you look a cheapskate.

You're in the Land of the Rising Sun.

Business has taken you to Tokyo and on the second night you decide not to spend another boring evening with your hosts, who can't hold their grog and take you to bars where none of the sheilas speak English.

You head off into the night to the Ginza, where they say all the action is. What they don't explain is Ginza is a Japanese word meaning silver mint, or place where they coin money. Apart from Bangkok, never has an area been better named.

As you stroll through the streets and look at the clubs, you are accosted by doormen dressed in uniforms so far over the top it is not funny. English beefeaters, Mongolian warriors, Hungarian hussars. There is even one — I promise you that this is true — where the doorman is dressed as a Boy Scout.

Feeling cautious, you ease your way into one of the quieter establishments because it has an English name, The Silver Dollar, and the doorman looks a benign and friendly chap. You drink one Kirin beer and peck away at the little plate of goodies on the table in front of you. It consists of nuts and pieces of undertermined food that tastes salty and slightly fishy. Young ladies come over to talk to you and you think they are trying to improve their English. Having quaffed two ales, you call for the bill and, shock horror, it is more than 100 bucks. In fact, it is $107. In Japanese yen, that converts to tens of thousands which sounds even worse.

Protests will get you nowhere. The mama-san will show you on her abacus (the set of beads with which she does the accounts) that the bowl of nuts cost $11, the beers $18 each and the entertainment charge of the young ladies improving their English makes up the rest plus 10 percent government tax, 10 percent entertainment tax and 10 percent gratuities. And you will have to pay. For you are a tourist and you are there to be ripped off.

Rule 3: If you are looking for nooky in Japan and you are thinking of paying for it, forget it, unless you are in the multi-megabucks class. The best place to find it is in non-tourist destinations.

Final example. You arrive at London airport and get into a taxi. In the time of the Caesars a Roman historian wrote of Britain: "Beware the charioteers, for they are thieves." Times do not change. After being given the name of the hotel, the cab driver whispers confidentially about the tariff, which means from London airport you need to pay double on the meter. That is blatantly untrue and also illegal, but you look like a tourist and he can afford to take a chance.

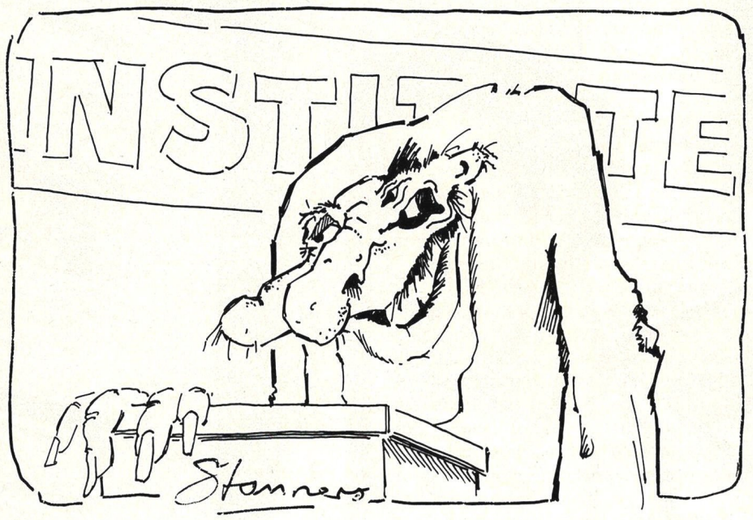
That night, once again following a tourist guidebook, you go to a club where membership is cursory, the welcome boisterous and the bill horrendous. The foxy lady with the smoky grey eyes only drinks champagne which comes at $108 a bottle. But as she is groping your cock under the table and putting you in a mood of rare excitement, you cop the bill. Especially as she tells you that the very sight of you fills her with lust, she's looking for a naughty that night and, as a gesture of faith, gives you the front-door key to her unit. She has them made by the dozen.

You arrange a rendezvous later at an all-night coffee bar (the management doesn't let her leave the club with customers) and you can sit there all night and watch your cappuccino congeal because there is not a snowball's chance in hell that she will front up.

Rule 4: If you are setting yourself up with a working girl, get the rules of the game sorted out first, and then do not let her out of your sight, or you will have done your dough. Better yet, leave the working girls alone and head for the enthusiastic amateurs.

If you are going to travel — even interstate in Australia — it is essential you do not look like a tourist, do not think like a tourist, do not talk like a tourist, do not spend like a tourist. It may not totally save you from being ripped off but at least it will give you a fighting chance.

(continued on page 96)



"You may recall in my last address I stressed the need for fearless exploration of the unknown. . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY HERIBERT BREHM

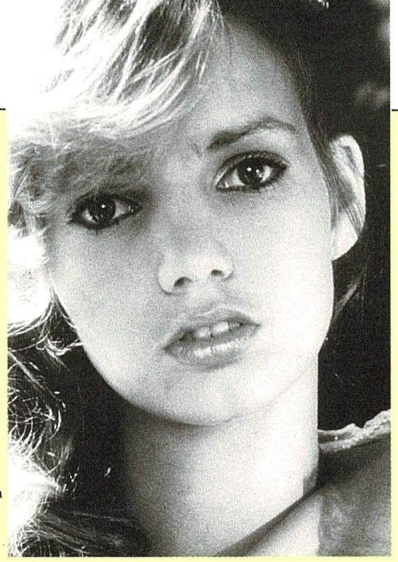
WILD ABOUT REGINA

Stunning Regina Wild loves surfing, speed and men who mind their manners.

Regina has trained as a beautician but is presently working in a health club to gain more experience about all facets of body care. "I'm working hard and earning as much as I can," she explains. "I'd like to have enough capital either to open my own fitness centre or to set up a private beauty practice." Obviously all that working out keeps Regina in amazing shape but she also loves surfing and dancing. "I go surfing in any kind of weather," she says. "It would take a typhoon to stop me! And I love staying up all night dancing in discos. I'm a real night owl. I also like car racing and I'd love to go along on one of those big car rallies. I'm fascinated by speed." Any budding rally drivers out there who need a willing navigator? Regina could be the one. Just remember to keep your eyes on the road, mind your manners and you may be set for a wild time.

"I'm a very easy-going person," smiles lovely Regina Wild, "but if anyone tries to order me around, then I really start to rebel. I can't bear people who don't have good manners. If you want me to do something, you have to say please!"

MISS JANUARY
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Regina Hild



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Regina Wild

BUST: 97 (38") WAIST: 58 (23") HIPS: 86 (34")

HEIGHT: 174 cm WEIGHT: 51 kg SIGN: Aquarius

BIRTH DATE: 17·2·65

AMBITIONS: To open my own beauty salon.

TURN-ONS: French food, nice people and car rallies.

TURN-OFFS: Men who try to get everything with money and bad mannered people.

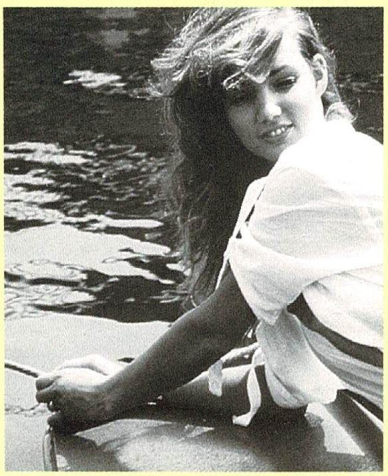
FAVORITE BOOKS: Rage Of Angels, and For The Term Of His Natural Life.

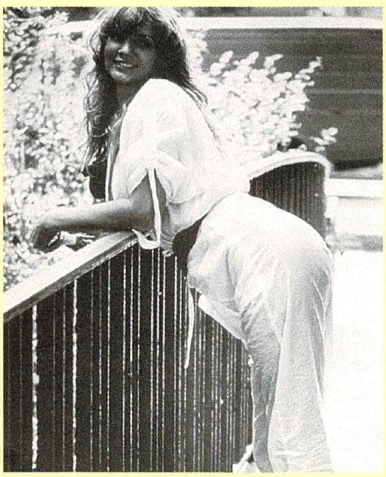
FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Marlon Brando and Tina Turner.

FAVORITE SPORTS: Surfing, sailing and tennis.

IDEAL MAN: I've already met him.

SECRET FANTASY: To spend a year absolutely alone with William Hurt.





PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A big tomcat was running crazily down alleyways, up fire escapes, into cellars and across backyard fences.

A man was hosing his back lawn and decided to report the cat's strange behavior to the owner who lived a few doors away.

"Your cat is running around like a raving lunatic," he informed his neighbor.

"Yeah, I know, mate," the other man laughed. "The poor bugger's just been sterilised and he's rushing around cancelling all his appointments!"

I felt sorry for myself because I had no women," the lonely philosopher declared, "until I met a man who had no hands."

Every Friday the minister's wife would do the weekly shopping at her regular stores. First the supermarket, then the butcher. One day she turned up at the butcher's and asked what the week's special was.

"Bloody meat," he answered lazily.

"You can't speak to me like that," she retorted. "I'm the minister's wife."

"No, no," the butcher replied. "You misunderstand me. We're selling a new cut of meat to be cooked very rare."

"Oh, the minister likes his steaks rare. I'll take some," she said.

She took the meat home and was cooking it just as the minister walked into the kitchen after a busy day on his community rounds.

"What's for dinner, darling?" he asked.

"Bloody meat," she replied.

"Don't speak like that around here, please. I am the minister after all," he replied angrily.

"No, no, darling," she answered. "It's a new cut of meat I'm trying this week. It has to be cooked very rare."

Pleased that he was about to tuck into some of his favorite food, the minister sat down at the dinner table just as his teenage son walked in.

"What's for dinner, dad?" the son asked cheerily.

"Bloody meat," the minister replied.

"That's the spirit, dad," answered the son. "Pass the fucken sauce!"

After downing a dozen or so double scotches and beer chasers, the wobbling customer called the barman over for another round.

"Jesus, mate, haven't you had enough already?" came the reply.

"Okay, you smart arse," the drunk retorted. "If I'm s'posed to be drunk, how come I can see that one-eyed kangaroo coming in the door."

"For your information, mate," the barman corrected, "that one-eyed kangaroo is going *out* the door."

What do you *mean* you were kicked out of the amusement park for talking to Pinocchio?"

"Well, actually, they kicked me out for sitting on his face," the girl admitted to her co-workers, "and asking him to tell a lie."

The young movie fan was so obsessed with Mel Gibson and Richard Gere that she decided to have their images tattooed on the insides of her thighs. Having only limited funds, she was forced to go to the cheapest tattooist in town. The artist assured her she would be very pleased with the result and it took him only an hour to tattoo Gibson's face on her left thigh and Gere's on her right.

When the task was finished, the girl checked the results in a mirror.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed. "They don't look *anything* like Mel and Richard."

"They're spitting images, love," the artist insisted. "If you don't believe me, get a third opinion." When she agreed, the tattooist hustled into the street and woke a sleeping wino, promising him a bottle if he identified the girl's tattoos as Gibson and Gere.

The drunk approached her, pointed a wavering finger between her thighs and said, "Lessee. The one on the left looksh like Richard Gere and the one on the right looksh like that Mad Max fella. And, lessee, I'd say the one in the middle would be that Willie Nelson bloke!"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.

"Frankly, Alison, the idea of a threesome really messes with my sense of romantic idealism!"

GRAPPLING ★★★ WITH ★★★ GRIDIRON

American football has arrived. Here's how it works.

WELCOME, SPORTS FANS, to another season of Monday Night Football On Tuesday Night, that Wednesday a.m. place where large, armored Americans catch their breath between the collisions that knock it out again. It's a clear evening and we're up here with the commentators as they survey 100 yards of all-American guts, brains and determination mixing it up with injury, age and no chance of a wildcard berth in the playoffs.

Tonight we bring you glamor — the 1985 Super Bowl champions San Francisco 49ers versus the Cincinnati Bengals — and if we thought about it, we'd certainly agree that most of you fans in Australia won't be able to follow three-quarters of what happens out there this evening. As long as we're getting philosophical, let's add that if American football is, as they say, chess with live pieces, a war game, then the knack of how to watch well is revealed only when you viewers know what each trundling Yank is doing on the gridiron, and why.

In this special broadcast for the 15 and a half million football people all laced and teed up before their electronic fields Down Under, we offer a hearty boot in the slats and a promise not to use any foreign words without explaining what they mean. Further, we propose that after describing one "series" — only four plays executed by the offence — all but those of you who aren't tuned in should get the picture next Tuesday night. (If you are and you still don't, put this magazine back where you found it and do not write to the editor.)

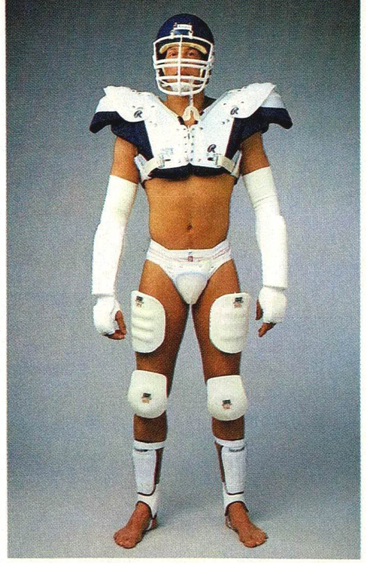
Let's scuttle right on to the object of the game, then, which is to score, a feat generally done by advancing downfield with the ball. Having despatched the basics, it's time for the opening kick-off. San Francisco win the toss of the coin and

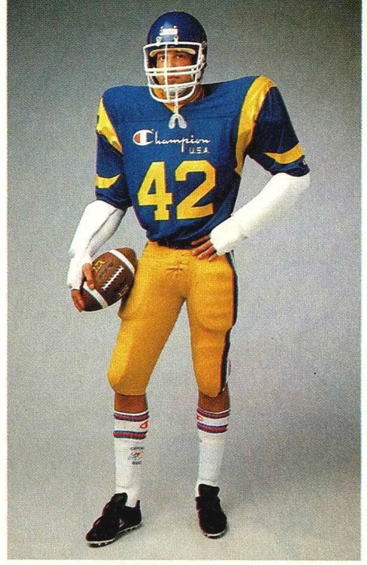
★★ *Sport by* STEVE BUNK ★★

ILLUSTRATION BY TODD DONEY

decide to receive the ball, which gives Cincinnati the advantage of kicking with the wind. Both sides put their "special teams" in for the kick-off. This means San Francisco send a couple of guys out there whose main job on the team is to catch kick-offs and run downfield as far as possible before being plastered by the Bengals' special team, composed of players who often warm the bench when not in hot pursuit of a man returning a kick. This time they do their job well and San Francisco start their first series of plays on their own 23 yard-line.

As the special teams shuffle or are shovelled off-field, the commentators introduce the 49ers' offensive unit and the Cincinnati defence. However, personalities don't count for much in this special broadcast. Instead, we'll have a squint at how the offence lines up against the defence:

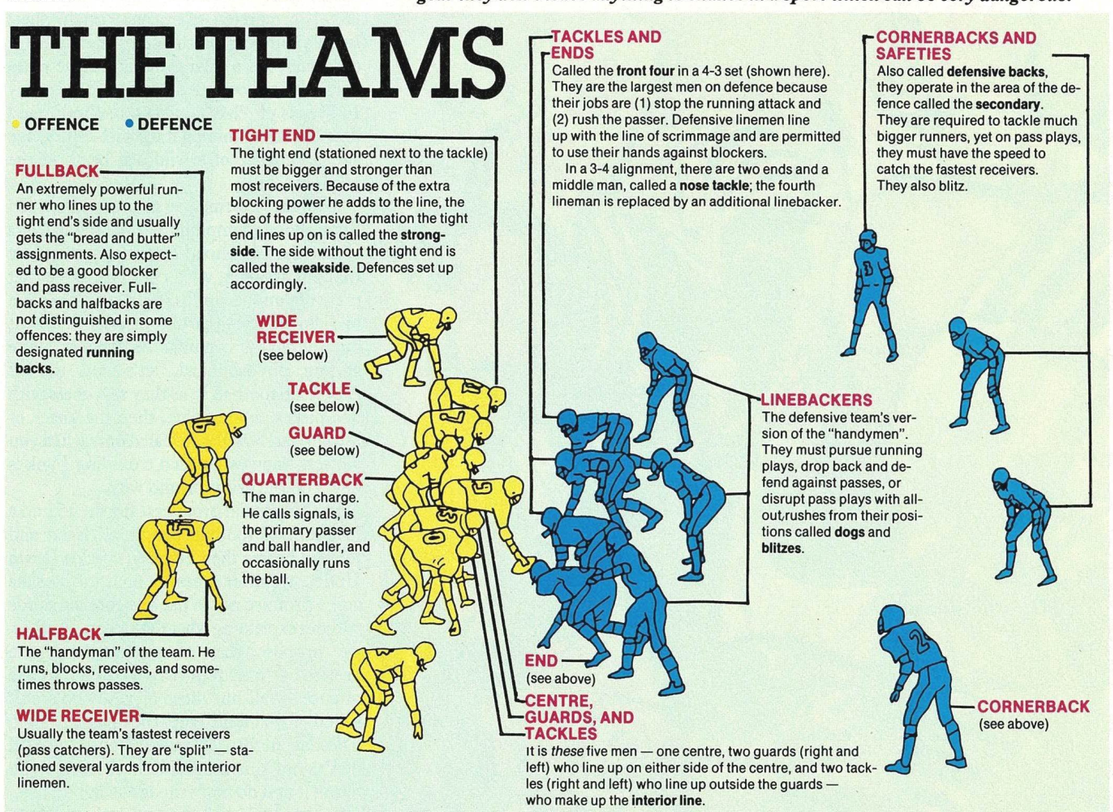




No, it's not an imperial stormtrooper. When the big boys of gridiron don their protective gear they don't leave anything to chance in a sport which can be very dangerous.

THE TEAMS

● OFFENCE ● DEFENCE


FULLBACK
An extremely powerful runner who lines up to the tight end's side and usually gets the "bread and butter" assignments. Also expected to be a good blocker and pass receiver. Fullbacks and halfbacks are not distinguished in some offences: they are simply designated **running backs.**
TIGHT END
The tight end (stationed next to the tackle) must be bigger and stronger than most receivers. Because of the extra blocking power he adds to the line, the side of the offensive formation the tight end lines up on is called the **strongside**. The side without the tight end is called the **weakside**. Defences set up accordingly.
WIDE RECEIVER
(see below)
TACKLE
(see below)
GUARD
(see below)
QUARTERBACK
The man in charge. He calls signals, is the primary passer and ball handler, and occasionally runs the ball.
HALFBACK
The "handyman" of the team. He runs, blocks, receives, and sometimes throws passes.
WIDE RECEIVER
Usually the team's fastest receivers (pass catchers). They are "split" — stationed several yards from the interior linemen.
TACKLES AND ENDS
Called the **front four** in a 4-3 set (shown here). They are the largest men on defence because their jobs are (1) stop the running attack and (2) rush the passer. Defensive linemen line up with the line of scrimmage and are permitted to use their hands against blockers.
In a 3-4 alignment, there are two ends and a middle man, called a **nose tackle**; the fourth lineman is replaced by an additional linebacker.
CORNERBACKS AND SAFETIES
Also called **defensive backs**, they operate in the area of the defence called the **secondary**. They are required to tackle much bigger runners, yet on pass plays, they must have the speed to catch the fastest receivers. They also blitz.
LINEBACKERS
The defensive team's version of the "handymen". They must pursue running plays, drop back and defend against passes, or disrupt pass plays with all-out rushes from their positions called **dogs** and **blitzes**.
END
(see above)
CENTRE, GUARDS, AND TACKLES
It is *these* five men — one centre, two guards (right and left) who line up on either side of the centre, and two tackles (right and left) who line up outside the guards — who make up the **interior line**.
CORNERBACK
(see above)

San Francisco are set up in a classic "split" formation, so named because the two running backs are split to either side of the quarterback. Note that the fullback, who is usually bigger and a better blocker than the halfback, is lined up on the "strongside", so named because the tight end is also on that side. Accordingly, the other half of the offensive line is called the "weakside".

Cincinnati have arranged themselves in a "4-3" defence, which means four men are on the "line of scrimmage", where the ball lies, and there are three "linebackers" behind the linemen. Once the most popular set-up in pro football, the 4-3 now is used primarily when the offence is almost certain to throw a pass. The most common defensive formation these days is the "3-4", in which only three men are "on the line".

Behind the linebackers is the defensive "secondary" or backfield, composed of cornerbacks and safeties. The left and right cornerbacks balance the defence against the two San Francisco wide receivers. The "strong" safety is stationed on the side where the San Francisco attack is strongest, because the tight receiver for the offence is on that side of the field. The "free" safety roams wherever he sees a pass receiver breaking clear of other defenders, or where a ball carrier is heading for goal line.

On "first and 10" (first down and 10 yards to go for another first down), the quarterback "hands off" the ball to the halfback, who is lighter and quicker than the fullback. With the fullback galumphing ahead of him as a blocker, the halfback squirts into the hole between his right guard

THE RULES

The *basic rule* in gridiron (which, incidentally, is always called football in America, the gridiron being the field itself) is for the offence to advance 10 yards in four attempts, called "downs". (Remember, too, that America still operates with imperial measures, hence yards and not metres.) The field is divided into ten 10-yard segments, plus a 10-yard "end zone" at each end of the field, beyond the goal-line. If the offence gains 10 yards or more in four downs, they get another four downs to make 10 more yards and so on, until they cross the goal-line, in front of the H-shaped goal-posts.

If they don't make 10 yards after the first three downs, they can either try to gain the yardage needed on the fourth down or elect to kick. A "punt" is a kick for yardage, which the punter executes while holding the ball in his hands. A "field goal"is kicked from the hands of a kneeling "holder", who places the ball end-first on the ground. To convert a field goal, the ball must fly at any height above the horizontal bar, so long as it goes between the uprights of the goal-post. The ball is smaller than an Aussie rules football, made of pigskin, with two white stripes around each end for visibility and a lace stitching which helps the ball-handler to get a good grip.

***Scoring* is of four types: (i) When any part of the ball-carrier crosses the opponent's goal-line, it's a "touchdown", worth six points. (ii) The "extra point" or "conversion", also called a "point after touchdown" (PAT), is usually a place-kick, worth one point. If the PAT is run or passed across the goal-line (starting in any case from the opponent's two yard-line), it's worth two points. (iii) A "field goal" is worth three points. No kicks of any kind are "free"; that is, the defence always attempts to block the kick. (iv) A "safety" occurs when the ball-carrier is tackled behind his own goal-line. It counts for two points in favor of the defence.**

***Turnovers* play a key role in American football. This is the loss of the ball by the offence because of a blocked kick, fumble (which must occur before an official whistle is blown to call the play dead) and by either a penalty or an "interception", when a defensive player catches a pass intended for an offensive man. A *touchback* occurs when a man gets the ball in his own end zone and rather than run with it, touches his knee to the ground, thus signalling that he wants the ball to be placed by the official on his own team's 20-yard line before play begins again.**

***Out-of-bounds* is on both sidelines and the end-lines behind the goal-line. The ball-carrier must be in full control of the ball with both feet touching in-bounds before being tackled in order for a completed play to be judged legal. A *tackle* happens when the ball-carrier's knee touches the ground and he is then touched by an opponent (otherwise, he can get up and run again).**

Each side is allowed three *time-outs* per half. The game is divided into halves of 30 minutes each, sub-divided into 15-minute quarters. In addition to time-outs, the clock is stopped each time a play goes out-of-bounds, a pass falls incomplete, a penalty is assessed, after a score, when the offensive and defensive sides are changing over or when time-outs are called.

There are 28 teams of 45 men each in the National Football League (NFL), which is divided into the American and the National Football Conferences. Each conference is divided into three divisions by geographical criteria, all clubs in the NFL being considered of equal calibre. There is a 16-week regular season, after which the four top teams in each division enter the play-offs that lead to the Super Bowl "world championship". All play-offs are single-elimination.

and right tackle, who do their best to widen the gap by blocking the opposition toward the sidelines. However, the Cincinnati middle linebacker rushes over to "plug the hole", evades the fullback and tackles the ball-carrier after a three-yard gain.

It's second down and seven yards left for a first down ("second and seven"). The teams set up in exactly the same way as before but this time the quarterback fakes a hand-off to the halfback and instead completes a short pass to the tight end for a gain of four yards.

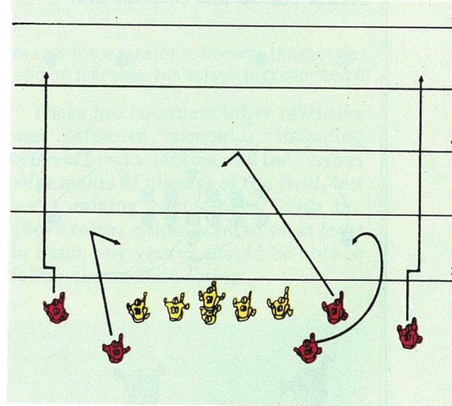
Third down and three to go.

San Francisco could easily pick up those three yards with either a run or a pass, which makes it a guessing game for Cincinnati. In this case, the Bengals took a chance and guessed correctly, by setting up in the 4-3 "pass prevent" defence.

Seeing this, quarterback Joe Montana calls an "audible", a code which tells his team-mates how the defence is set up and what the new offensive play will be. This sudden change of offensive tactics overrides the play that was decided upon during the "huddle", before the two teams lined up against each other. Now, Cincinnati's problem is not to guess whether San Francisco will run or pass, but to determine how to cover five 49er pass receivers, all running to different parts of the field. Quickly, the defence adjusts accordingly.

Montana's "signals" might sound like this: "43. Red 19. Red 19. Hike, hike. . ." While these directions are being given, the fullback responds first, then the halfback. Both move sideways, making it possible for either man to run out and catch a short pass but impossible for them to block for Montana. All this happens before the actual play begins. The 49ers now are in a "spread" offence.

When the centre snaps the ball to Montana on the pre-arranged third "hike" command, wide receivers Freddie Solomon and Dwight Clark streak down the sidelines in identical "fly" patterns, while the running backs go out for short passes and the tight end runs a medium-distance pass pattern. Montana steps backward with the ball, fortunately gets good blocking protection from his linemen and thus has time to look for a pass receiver. A Cincinnati cornerback is following wide receiver Clark's every step but Solomon, the other wide receiver, gets clear of his defender and Montana lofts a perfect strike to him for a touchdown. Here's how the pass pattern looks from the offence's point of view:



The spread offence is designed to do just that — spread the defensive coverage as widely as possible. Five receivers disperse into different areas to reduce potential for double coverage.

Unfortunately for San Francisco, one of their linemen has been over-zealous in his attempts to protect Montana from the attacking opposition. The lineman is charged with "holding" (see Penalties box) and because of this infraction, the "TD" (touchdown) is called back. The down not only is played over but a 10-yard penalty is attached. Now, instead of third and three, it's third and 13. Almost certainly Montana will throw another pass in an effort to regain the lost yardage. *(continued on page 72)*

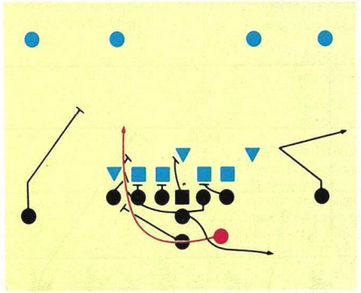
WHAT THE WORDS MEAN

This glossary is not to be memorised as much as referred to whenever the TV commentator says something that sounds cryptic. It has been compiled strictly on a need-to-know basis (meaning, if I don't know some gridiron word, you don't need to). By concentrating on the running and passing plays of the offence, we get an idea of how the defence copes.

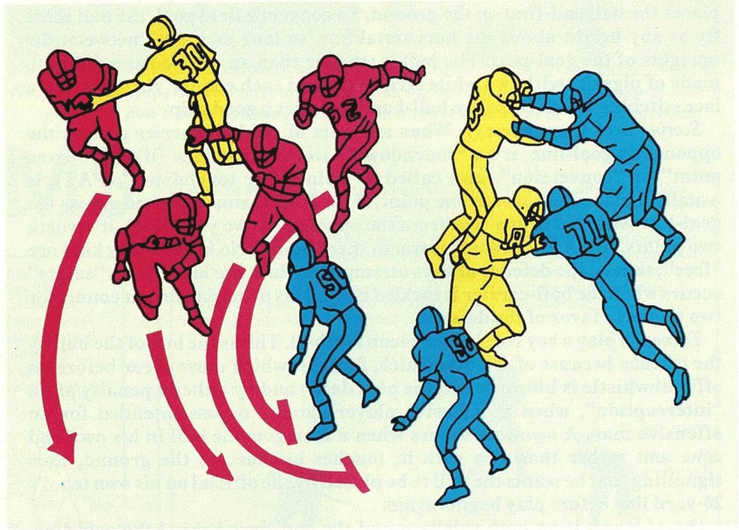
RUNNING

Two basic types of play are used to gain yardage "on the ground", as opposed to passing or kicking the ball. First, there is the *power play,* which is specifically designed to gain short yardage. It begins with an *inside hand-off,* wherein the quarterback jams the ball into the stomach of the running back, who then plunges more or less straight up the middle of the field (the "inside"). It's almost like a guy trying to run straight through a rugby ruck. Sometimes, especially near the goal line, he actually has to *dive,* plunging over or under the defence in order to gain that last yard or two.

On the offensive line, you have the centre, who starts each play. On either side of the centre is a guard, and a power play usually is run behind the blocking of one guard. An *off-tackle* play is when the ball-carrier runs slightly away from the centre of the defensive line, heading for a hole he hopes to find between tackle and end, like this:

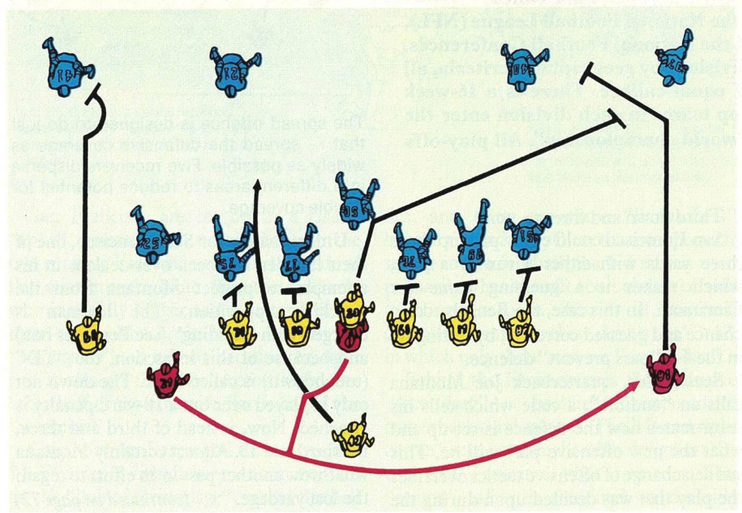


A *sweep* or *end-sweep* is when the ball-carrier goes outside the end, which means he's often running fairly close to the sideline. But to make a success of that run, he must first move parallel to the offensive line and then *turn the corner,* which looks like this:



THE SWEEP IN ACTION *(Above)*
On a sweep a running back must follow his interference (blockers) around the corner. If he overruns his blockers, he has very little manoeuvring room against the sideline. But, if he stays with his blockers into the secondary, he can burst out from behind them into the open.

THE REVERSE *(Below)*
The quarterback runs with the ball and hands off to a running back going the other way. If the running back hands off again, it becomes a double reverse.



To hasten such a play's execution, instead of handing off to the running back, the quarterback may throw an underhand *quick pitch,* also known as a *lateral,* which looks much like the sort of pass thrown by runners to one another in rugby. In a gridiron running play, such a pitch must be tossed either sideways or backwards, never forwards, in order to be legal.

A *misdirection play* happens when two or more runners head in the same direction, making it look as though the play will go that way. Instead, the quarterback actually hands the ball off to another runner going in a different direction from the first runner. When this works, the defence mistakenly *keys* or concentrates on the first runner, who doesn't really have the ball, thus enabling the actual ball-carrier to travel more or less unimpeded in a different direction.

A *reverse* is a fancy type of misdirection play, in which the quarterback fakes a hand-off to one runner, who then doubles over at the waist and plunges into the line as if he actually has the ball. Meanwhile, the quarterback may *bootleg,* which is to hide the ball behind his leg as he runs backwards, then hands it off to another runner going the opposite way. It looks like this *(see left):*

The *double-reverse* includes an extra hand-off and is seldom used because it takes so much time to execute, while a *fake reverse* involves an actual hand-off and a feigned one.

A *draw play* is a run that's made to look like it's going to be a passing play. When the quarterback gets the ball, he steps backward as if to prepare for a pass, while the halfback stands next to him as if to block the incoming "pass rush" of the defence. Instead, once the defensive line has committed itself by rushing in to tackle the quarterback, he hands off to the halfback, who then zips forward, not giving the defensive linemen time to halt their own forward motion. In other words, a draw is a delayed hand-off designed to "draw" the defence into over-running the ball.

PASSING

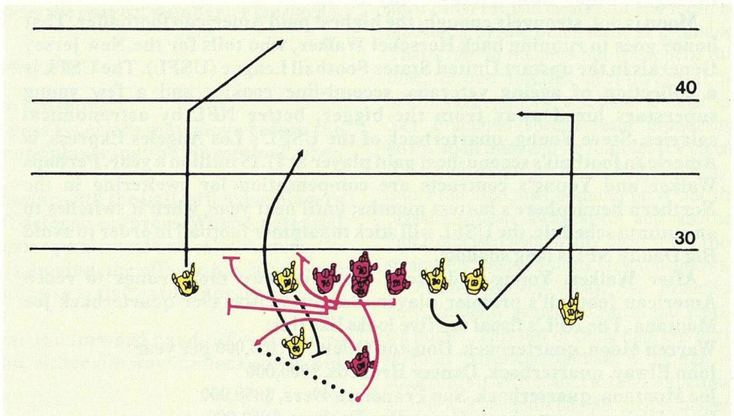
A *play action* pass begins with a faked hand-off. Again, this is a pretence, a "play action" that hopefully will dupe the defence into converging on a runner who doesn't really have the ball. The quarterback gains an extra few seconds via this ruse, during which his pass receivers can bolt downfield and try to evade the defenders in order to snare the pass.

The defensive *blitz,* which may end in *sacking* the quarterback, and the *safety valve* or *flats pass* are strategies I've explained elsewhere, so we'll skip them here. The offensive *man in motion* is when one player runs sideways before the centre snaps the ball to begin play. This is done to keep the defence off-balance but the man in motion may not move forward, only sideways.

Short, medium and long-range passes are each useful at different stages of any gridiron game. When diagrammed, the various routes that may be run by pass receiver resemble the branches of a tree and look like this:

Short passes, often called *quick openers,* usually gain less than 10 yards, but a team will sometimes pick up a first down with these patterns, if the receivers run downfield far enough, either before or after catching the pass. If the look-in pattern goes beyond 15 yards or so, it's usually called a *down-and-in,* because the receiver is going farther downfield before cutting inward. Accordingly, a *down-and-out* pattern goes down straight, then out toward the sideline.

A *screen pass* is thrown almost sideways, to a man standing behind a "screen" of blockers, who then try to pave the way for this downfield run. It looks like this:



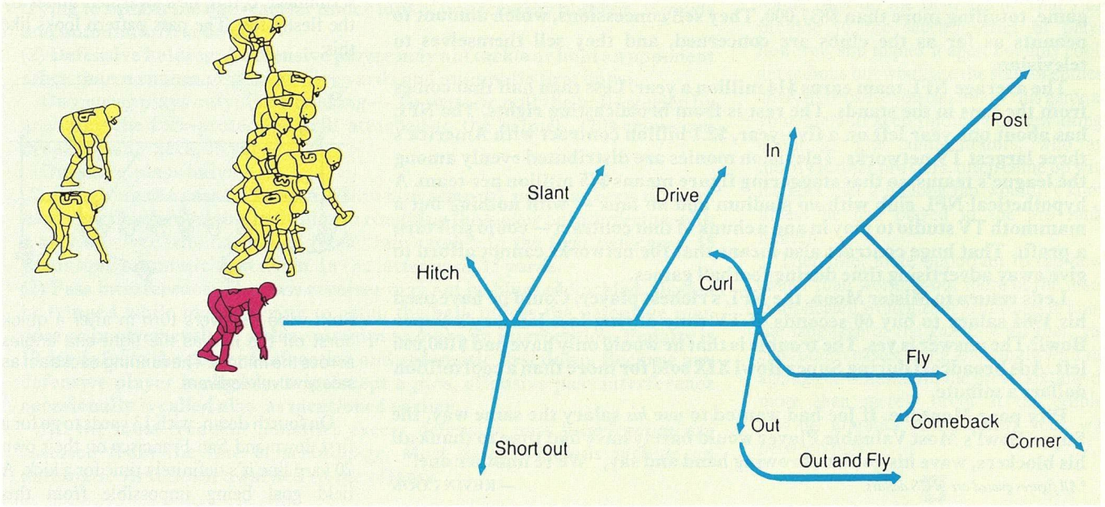
On this screen, the strongside running back moves to the weakside to become the receiver. He goes underneath the rush of the defensive end on that side. His screen is comprised of guards and the centre.

THE PASSING TREE *(Below)*
Every pass pattern in a team's offence is part of a larger series, which, when drawn on a blackboard, can resemble a leafless tree, with every branch a pass route. In a game there would be even more turns and angles on each pattern to reflect the "moves" a receiver employs to elude pass defenders.

Popular deep passes include the *fly,* the *corner* and the *post.* When any of these long passes, or "bombs", are completed, they provide one of the most exciting plays in NFL football. In order to confuse the defence, two receivers also may run a long *crossing pattern,* in which the right wide receiver ends up on the left side of the field, and vice versa.

***Reading the coverage* means the quarterback has glanced downfield in the few seconds before the defensive line pounces on him, to figure out where the pass defence is strong and where it's weak. *Reading the play* means one or all of the defensive players have deciphered what the offence will do.**

There are countless other offensive and defensive strategies, including types of blocks, tackles, and the various alignments of players of the field, but we're talking basics here. With the above terms either in mind or at least in hand, any viewer should be able to follow the on-field action.



THE BIG DOLLARS

National Football League (NFL) players don't need to pinch their nickels and dimes, but compared to some athletes they could be called underpaid. Consider their peers in the sporting stratosphere. Boxer Marvin Hagler made $3.3 million* last year, tennis player Martina Navratilova $2.17 million, baseball slugger Mike Schmidt of the Philadelphia Phillies $2.02 million, and basketballer Moses Malone of the Philadelphia 76ers $1.9 million. By those standards, American football players are paupers. The NFL's highest paid player, quarterback Warren Moon, received "only" $1.1 million for leading the Houston Oilers to a last-place finish in 1984. Was Moon's league-leading salary enough to buy a *one-minute* advertisement during the Super Bowl telecast? Stay tuned.

Moon is not, strangely enough, the highest paid American footballer. That honor goes to running back Herschel Walker, who toils for the New Jersey Generals in the upstart United States Football League (USFL). The USFL is a collection of ageing veterans, second-line rookies and a few young superstars lured away from the bigger, better NFL by astronomical salaries. Steve Young, quarterback of the USFL's Los Angeles Express, is American football's second-best paid player at $1.25 million a year. Perhaps Walker and Young's contracts are compensation for sweltering in the Northern hemisphere's hottest months; until next year, when it switches to an autumn schedule, the USFL will stick to summer football in order to avoid Big Daddy NFL's long shadow.

After Walker, Young and Moon it's down two more rungs to reach American football's premier player, San Francisco 49er quarterback Joe Montana. The NFL's fiscal top five looks like this:
Warren Moon, quarterback, Houston Oilers, $1,100,000 per year
John Elway, quarterback, Denver Broncos, $900,000
Joe Montana, quarterback, San Francisco 49ers, $858,000
Lynn Dickey, quarterback, Green Bay Packers, $850,000
James Lofton, receiver, Green Bay Packers, $844,000

The average NFL player made $163,000 in 1984. Perhaps the league's best buy was Seattle Seahawks quarterback Dave Krieg — second only to Montana with 32 touchdown passes — who played for just $250,000. Krieg failed to reach the gold at the end of the NFL's rainbow. His Seahawks were beaten in the play-offs by the Miami Dolphins and Krieg went home to count his money (count fast, Dave — NFL players break down so quickly that the average career lasts just four-and-a-half years). The Dolphins went on to pick up $18,000 each for *losing* Super Bowl XIX, while Montana and his victorious 49ers each received a winner's share of $36,000.

How can the Lions and Bengals and Bears afford to ante up such vast rewards? Well, they sell tickets — 59,811 at about $14 each for the average game, totalling more than $837,000. They sell concessions, which amount to peanuts as far as the clubs are concerned, and they sell themselves to television.

The average NFL team earns $14 million a year. Less than half that comes from the fans in the stands. The rest is from broadcasting rights. The NFL has about one year left on a five-year, $2.1 billion contract with America's three largest TV networks. Television monies are distributed evenly among the league's teams, so that staggering figure means $75 million per team. A hypothetical NFL club with *no* stadium and *no* fans — with nothing but a mammoth TV studio to play in and a chunk of that contract — could still turn a profit. That huge contract also means that the networks cannot afford to give away advertising time during football games.

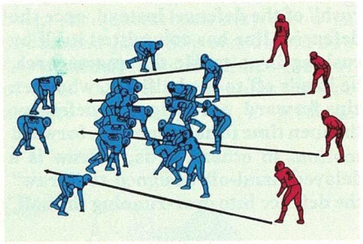
Let's return to Mister Moon, the NFL's richest player. Could he have used his 1984 salary to buy 60 seconds of TV time during last January's Super Bowl? The answer is yes. The trouble is that he would only have had $100,000 left. Ads broadcast during Super Bowl XIX sold for more than a cool million dollars a minute.

Pity poor Montana. If Joe had wanted to use *his* salary the same way, the Super Bowl's Most Valuable Player would barely have had time to thank all his blockers, wave his golden throwing hand and say, "We're number one!"

**All figures quoted are in US dollars.*

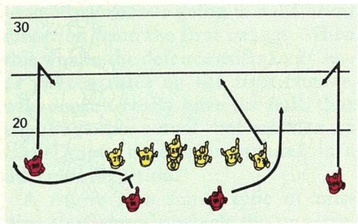
— KEVIN COOK

The SF offence arrange themselves into the "split" formation again, perhaps to make Cincinnati uncertain that a pass is coming. The defence, however, have ideas of their own. They've decided to "blitz" which means every available man will be rushing in to "sack" (i.e. kill) the quarterback. Cincinnati's three linebackers and one or more of the cornerbacks and safeties will rush in this way:



The question is, if Joe passes, will his receivers get clear of the defensive backs in time for Joe to throw the pass before he's clobbered by the invaders? Normally the defensive "secondary" would not be rushing in leaving the territories in the backfield open to a pass attack, but because the blitz is on, they're willing to risk a short completed pass for the chance of overwhelming Montana by force of numbers before he can throw. As it turns out, neither side is completely successful. One Cincinnati guard and one cornerback manage to penetrate the San Francisco defensive line, but Montana sidesteps the charging guard and his halfback eliminates the cornerback with a nifty block.

Even though Montana thus manages to avoid being tackled, none of his pass receivers quickly gets "open" (free of defensive coverage) and Montana is forced to toss the ball to his "safety valve" receiver, the halfback, who has drifted sideways into the "flats" after completing his block on the cornerback. The halfback tries to run with the ball but barely gets to the line of the scrimmage before he's swarmed under by the fleshy foe. The pass pattern looks like this:



Both wide receivers turn in after a quick burst off the line as the tight end angles across the middle. The running backs act as safety valve receivers.

On fourth down, with 13 yards to go for a first down and San Francisco on their own 20 yard line it's definitely time for a kick. A field goal being impossible from this distance, San Francisco will "punt" instead. Like most teams, the 49ers have a man who does nothing but punt (similar to Aussie rules kick), while yet another guy is a specialist field goal kicker. They also have a guy who specialises in the "long snap" which propels the ball about 15 yards backward to the punter who, in this case, gets the kick off before the defence gets him.

The punt is high, giving San Francisco's special team time to run downfield about 50 yards and prepare to smash the poor fool who catches the ball. But *he's* a specialist as well, and experience tells him that this time it's best to signal for a "fair catch" by holding one hand up. This means he won't run after catching the ball and the tacklers may not touch him. Still, the punt returner must catch the ball cleanly, or else it can be recovered by the other team as a fumble. That's rare in the pros but it happens this time: the punt returner takes his eye off the ball in order to have a second squiz at the San Francisco special team thundering down upon him, and he fumbles the catch. A Cincinnati guy grabs the ball, drops it, a San Francisco man pounces on it but the pigskin squeals away again and another San Francisco man finally picks it up, then steamrolls about 35 yards for a touchdown.

On one "broken" play, San Francisco have suddenly gained 80 yards and scored six points. This sort of thing happens fairly often in American football. A big play — sometimes based on an error and sometimes simply a clever and well-executed stratagem — can change the complexion of a game in seconds. The extra point kick is good — most pro kickers miss anywhere from none to three extra points in 40 or 50 attempts per season — and with only three-and-a-half minutes elapsed in the first of four 15-minute quarters, the 49ers have a 7-0 lead.

End of the promised single series in this special broadcast.

Next, the scoring team (San Francisco) must put the ball on their own 35 yard line and kick-off to Cincinnati, with both special teams back on the field again. That's the prelude to the second series of plays, however, and to pick it apart not only could get tedious but would be the start of endless analysis because you can follow this game all your life and keep finding out new things about it. The commentators, who are mostly former pro stars, often come up with insights that a lifelong fan wouldn't know unless he had played in the pro ranks himself.

Therefore, more important to the newcomer than working out more of the many complicated strategies of gridiron is to know the language of the game. With that, you can roller-coaster along knowingly with the ageing gee whiz kids in the press box, and do more than merely drool at the edible-looking graphics which whirl your way between plays.

THE PENALTIES

There's a huge number of transgressions in gridiron, but these are the most frequently broken rules:

ON OFFENCE AND DEFENCE

(1) Offside: To be positioned beyond the line of scrimmage before the ball is "hiked" by the centre. Five-yard penalty.
(2) Encroachment: When a lineman moves forward or makes contact with an opponent before the ball is hiked. Five-yard penalty.
(3) Clipping: To block a man from behind, when the block occurs more than three yards downfield from the line of scrimmage. 15-yard penalty.
(4) Unnecessary roughness: Kicking, punching, biting, hitting a man with the fist or after the official whistle ("late hit"). Minus 15 yards, plus disqualification, if the crime is deemed "malicious".
(5) Abuse of an official and related bad manners: 15 yards.
(6) Too many men on the field (11 per side is the correct number). Five yards.
(7) Too many time-outs. Five yards.

OFFENSIVE PENALTIES

On either *running* or *passing* plays, these are fouls:
(1) Illegal motion: Running backs and pass receivers may move before the ball is in play, but not forward, and only one player may be "in motion" when the ball is hiked. Five-yard penalty.
(2) Illegal use of hands: Except when running with the ball, offensive players can't use their hands or arms to ward off defensive players. When a potential pass receiver does this, it's called "offensive pass interference". 10 yards.
(3) Delay of game: Whenever the clock is moving, the offence has 30 seconds to start the next play. Penalty for not doing so is five yards. Rarely assessed against the defence.

On *running* plays only: Forward lateral and forward hand-off — Runners may hand off or pitch the ball underhand, either sideways or backwards, but not forward. Five-yard penalty.

On *passing* plays only:
(1) Ineligible receiver downfield: Most linemen are not eligible to catch passes. 10 yards.
(2) Intentional grounding: When the passer can't find a legal receiver and throws the ball on the ground nowhere near a teammate, in order to avoid being tackled for a loss of yardage. 10 yards and loss of down.
(3) Illegal forward pass: The quarterback has gone beyond the line of scrimmage before throwing the ball to earn this penalty. Five yards and loss of down.

DEFENSIVE PENALTIES

On either *running* or *passing* plays:
(1) Piling on: An umpire's judgment call, when he decides the defence is trying to squash the ball-carrier under tons of unnecessary blubber. 15 yards and automatic first down.
(2) Defensive holding: A defensive player may not tackle or hold an opponent other than a runner or passer. Five yards and automatic first down.

On *running* plays only: Facemasking — To twist or pull the ball-carrier by grabbing the face-protective grill attached to the helmet. This move can break a man's neck. 15 yards.

On *passing* plays only:
(1) Roughing the passer: To smash into him after the pass has been thrown. Also very dangerous, this is similar to roughing the kicker or interfering with a kick receiver who has called for a "fair catch". In the first two cases, 15 yards and automatic first down. In the latter case, 15 yards.
(2) Pass interference: The pass receiver may not be blocked, tackled, shoved or tripped while manoeuvring to catch the ball, unless the defensive man does so inadvertently in a clear attempt to make an interception. Penalty is 10 yards from the point of infraction and automatic first down. Because any defensive player is eligible to intercept a pass, offensive pass interference occasionally is called also, as mentioned earlier.

All the most frequent penalties except defensive pass interference are assessed from the line of scrimmage. Most defensive fouls include an automatic first down awarded to the offence.

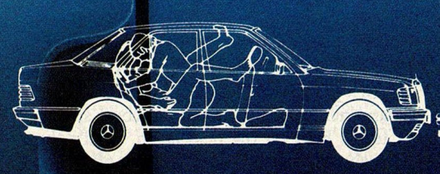
SIN BINS

Rob Luck tests the best cars for the ultimate in thrills.

PEOPLE WHO SCREW in cars are kinky. Why else would you trade a luxury romp on a

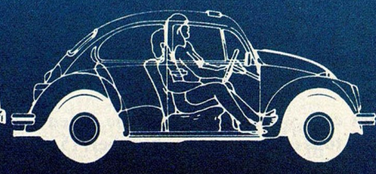
(continued overleaf)

MERCEDES 190



Though the Mercedes 190 is one of the most superbly styled modern cars, and one of the most prestigious, its interior design is miles wide of the mark when it comes to auto-sex. The front seats don't tilt, and rear-seat legroom is almost nil. But as they say, necessity is the mother of invention, so move the driver's seat as far forward as it will go and you'll find enough room to get stuck into it with her seated and him kneeling between her legs. One more tip: in some 190 models the windscreen wipers move up and down as well as side to side; just perfect for getting into the right rhythm. And for warm summer evenings try the high-form boot, with him standing and her well supported. You'll no doubt notice the Mercedes' firm rear suspension: it was designed especially to soften the bumpiest of rides. No question about this German engineering: you will enjoy it.

VOLKSWAGEN BEETLE



Not made any longer and more's the pity. For years it was the preferred car for the agony and the ecstasy. (Remember those handloops? They were great support for feet thrust lustfully into the air.) Voted by prostitutes' unions and several national drivers' associations as sex-car of the year every year since it was designed, a renovated Beetle is the greatest of all pleasure domes. Finding the best position here is one of the craziest gymnastic feats you'll ever attempt. Try this one: her sitting on his gearstick with her back to him as he sits in the driver's seat. Australians have long realised this method is one of the best ways to teach a girlfriend how to drive. Rear vision in both interior and exterior mirrors is unimpaired, she can control the steering and he the brake and accelerator; all you need to decide is who is actually doing the driving!

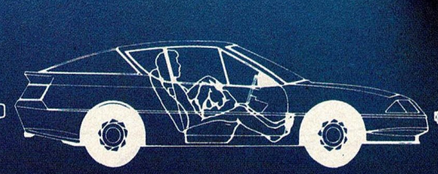
ROLLS-ROYCE SILVER SPIRIT

This emperor of motor cars will cost you around $180,000 new, so you've got a lot of good times ahead of you to get your money's worth. If you really believe that love is not for sale, in a Rolls like this you'll soon change your mind. It'll be available every day of the week, from every kind of woman. You'll be putting bars on the windows to keep them out. Check out the extras, like a quadrophonic sound system and air-conditioning to keep your passions fuelled and cooled. What about the sensual smell of calf leather seats, or those sheepskin covers? Everything is designed for love; the only detail missing is an open fire. The trouble with the Roller is there are so many positions to choose from: missionary, sideways, full length on the back seat; they're all appropriate. Perfect also for exhibitionists, with a chauffeur to do the driving while you have all the fun.

PAJERO 4X 4

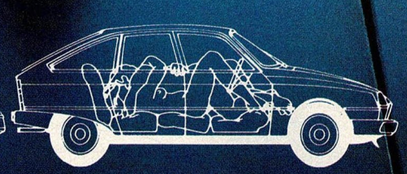
Four by four does not refer to the number of people able to squeeze into a Pajero for an off-road orgy. You could try, but we can't guarantee you'll come out unscathed. Four-wheel drivers are adventurers at heart, they understand the dynamics of pitching and rolling as well as how to fit their vehicles through the bush and into the tightest of spots. Getting off the beaten track has extra advantages, like leaving horn-blowers behind. Coitus interruptus will be a thing of the past. The Pajero is a functional vehicle: once the seats have been tilted back and joined with the rear bench, you've got a mattress on wheels. Which makes it perfect to screw missionary style and doggy fashion, with her hands grasping the rear bench for balance. And if a mate tells you he's going away for a weekend of bush bashing, now you know what he really means.

MAZDA RX7



A real fast one, this Mazda: from standstill to 100km/h in only 8.9 seconds. That's right, built for speed and not comfort. Like most sports cars, there's little room inside for the things we like doing the most, so the Mazda RX7 requires a great deal of suppleness. Sexual speed freaks can forget it; acrobats will love it. The solution of course is fellatio, which gives the impression that the driver is merely sitting behind the wheel with his mouth open. And on a freeway at high speed that's how you'd look anyway. The biggest trick with driving and being fellated at the same time is maintaining control of the car at the crucial time; try not to be driving on a winding cliff road for instance or you'll find out the true meaning of falling from grace. Since it's a Japanese car, let's adopt an oriental name for it: the jade flute. Her tongue and lips do all the work.

CITROEN GSA



After you drive the Citroen with its quirky handling and unique styling, one thing sticks in your mind: the exquisite seats. Rolls might have the name, but the Citroen's comfort is unbeatable. You could screw all night and not have to go to your chiropractor the next day. And there's no worrying about carpet or vinyl burns on your knees and elbows. The benefit here is you're not obsessed about rushing things; relax, watch the windows mist up, choose your position and, well, get down to it. The best of all positions in the Citroen is the missionary, because the seats provide great support and absorb every movement. It's also perfect for oral sex, especially *soixante-neuf*. But don't forget other important aspects of auto-sex; keep an eye on the hand-brake and the lay of the land around you, or you'll find yourself past the point of no return.

ARTWORK BY GERRIT HIETBRINK

queen-size trampoline for a sexual obstacle course in a padded tin cell? Guys who screw in cars are kinky: there must be something consciousness-raising about exploring your physiological limits in a confined space; and there's always the fun of hacksawing her foot free from the glovebox. Girls who screw in cars are kinky: in day-life, they can be buttoned-up-to-the-neck straight, but when they get down to getting it off in a four-wheeler they go ape-shit. There are eight million true stories in the naked city. Like this one. . .

•

Picture a Nissan Patrol drawn up to the edge of a deserted pier. For atmosphere, there are city lights dancing on the water; for background music, the tinkle of rigging on moored yachts. Inside, two contestants are shaping up for The Main Event. An initial snuggle-and-grope quickly degenerates into a three-hour calisthenics course, hurdling the steering wheel, two gearlevers, a handbrake and sundry obstructive hardware in the cockpit (good word that). Close to the finale, Marathon Man, laid back under Top Rider, notices that the long, ungainly gearlever is competing for her personal space. Why not? Repositioning her hips, he watches in awe as the pattern on the knob is swallowed in the dark. . .

•

In the old days, Australian kids *had* to screw in cars. It was car-screw or no-screw. At her house was a gorilla that masqueraded as her father. At your place was your young brother. Motels hadn't been invented (neither had plastic to pay for them). Grass was wet, sand was gritty. Your mate's flat was full of freeloaders who worked on the football team theory — share and share alike. Compared with those alternatives, the car was a sexual sanctuary. Petrol was cheap, parking spots were free. Late-night radio could be relied on to belt out those tear-jerkers. Central heating was standard equipment, ashtrays supplied, and there were plenty of places to wedge the Chateau Legopener. A security system was fitted, and frosted-glass privacy followed the first few steamy seconds. There were plenty of excuses for being there. . . "outta petrol", "too tired to drive", "take in the view". And those oh-so-subtle deal-clinching lines. . . "fork it or walk it". Ah, the power of it all. . .

Cars weren't so bad back then. Basic but accommodating. Big, flat bench seats front and rear, so wherever you got started you didn't lose your rhythm. Minimal interference from automotive hardware — they had column shifts and umbrella handbrakes stowed under the dash. No centre consoles. Smart sons sold doting dads on the virtues of camping bodies, and the family rig converted at the yank of a lever into a simulated king-size romper room. They also had foot-straps as standard, and unlimited toe-holds. Plus a big back shelf to store the jacking equipment (pillows to you). It was no-frills screwing but it sure was fun. . .

Times changed and so did the automobile. But it never lost its appeal as a mobile bedroom. The ubiquitous Kombi van symbolised the sexy '60s, complete with flower-power decals, logos of NZ tomato plants, anti-nuke stickers. Inside, the floorspace had been upgraded to accommodate "encounter groups". It started to grow luxuries such as domestic shelf speakers, wall-to-wall mattresses and camper-fridges. Windows grew bordello drapes, and incense burned in screwed-down jars to amplify the resistance-breaking impact of Cheech and Chong jivetalk and Mary Jane patented pain-killers. It was just oh so cool. . .

The game was the same in the archetypal shaggin'-wagon that crossed the automobile from the '60s to the '70s — the panelvan. Car-studs, surfies and street-racers had never had it so good. There was six clear feet of mattress space on the floor, a cavernous high-roof for a resonant hi-fi system, and do-it-kneeling headroom. Throbbing V8s were guided down deep-throated pipes that trembled through the machine at clitoral frequency. A single curtain or strip of sundym privatised the tailgate window.

Inside, the custom craze produced boudoir layouts with floor-to-ceiling carpeting, cocktail cabinets, megawatt stereos and drawers for the dildos and sexual artifacts. Outside, the slab-sides were ready-made billboards for mobile murals to advertise the owner's tastes and sexual fantasies. Faced with the lurid graphics of the maiden-bonding Viking warrior, any lissome surf sheila could pick at will her particular preference in mobile sexual aberrations. Airbrush art complete with parental disclaimer: "Don't laugh — your daughter could be inside" stickers were almost mandatory.

Alas, automotive sex has become civilised. Almost every unit from twerp to tar-burner has layback seats, fold-down rear squabs and load-through luggage-space. Tinted glass is typically standard, and perve-proof blackout glass an el-cheapo option. Concert-hall stereos and climate-control cabins promote five-star velour conquests. At the top end of the deal, you can even hire a stretched-limo complete with chilled champers, X-rated video, piped music and privacy partition for a mobile booze-and-cruise passion pit. No, sir, the sin bin ain't what it used to be. But it is still hard to beat for kinky sex. . .

•

. . . after some minutes of X-rated sound-effects in the Nissan Patrol, Top Rider confesses she can't get her G-spot and the gearlever to connect. At the critical point of mechanical withdrawal, Marathon Man is seized with one of those wild, crazy, spontaneous inspirations and flicks the ignition key. As the throbbing diesel trembles with life, the geargate and hers collide in a sensational clitoral oscillation. Impaled on a 90 horsepower vibrator, she loses control. Several shuddering orgasms later, she crashes out on the front floor. The hoodlining is shredded, the doorlining kicked in, the ashtray ripped out. And in her right hand, still twitching in ecstasy, is the overhead grab handle, ripped from its sockets. . .

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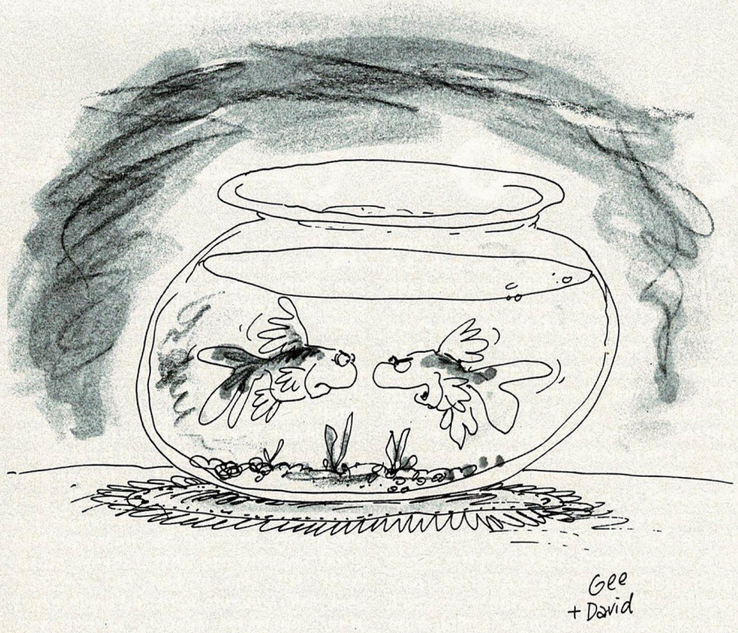
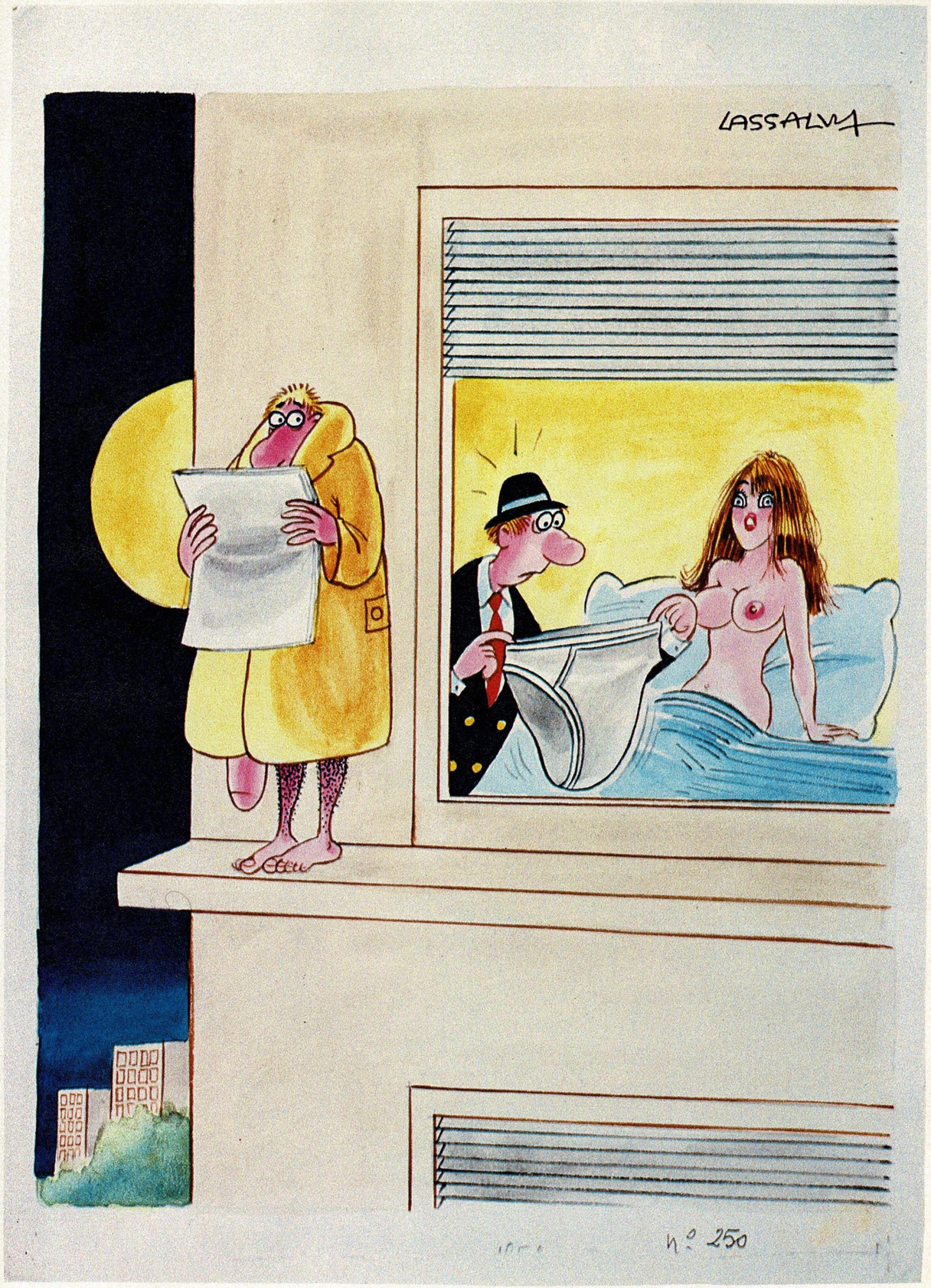
I tell you, people who screw in cars are kinky.

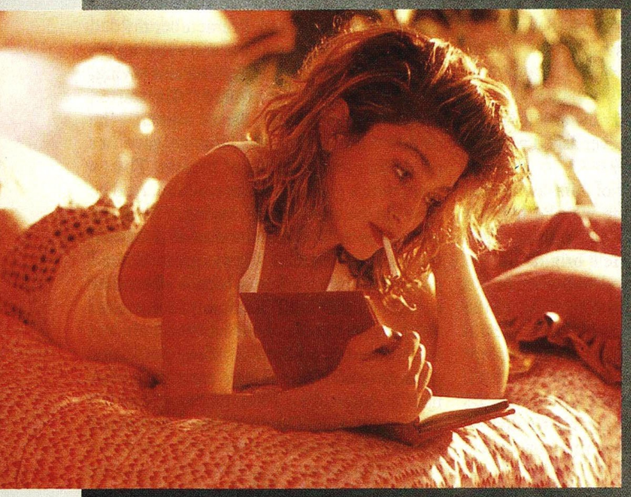


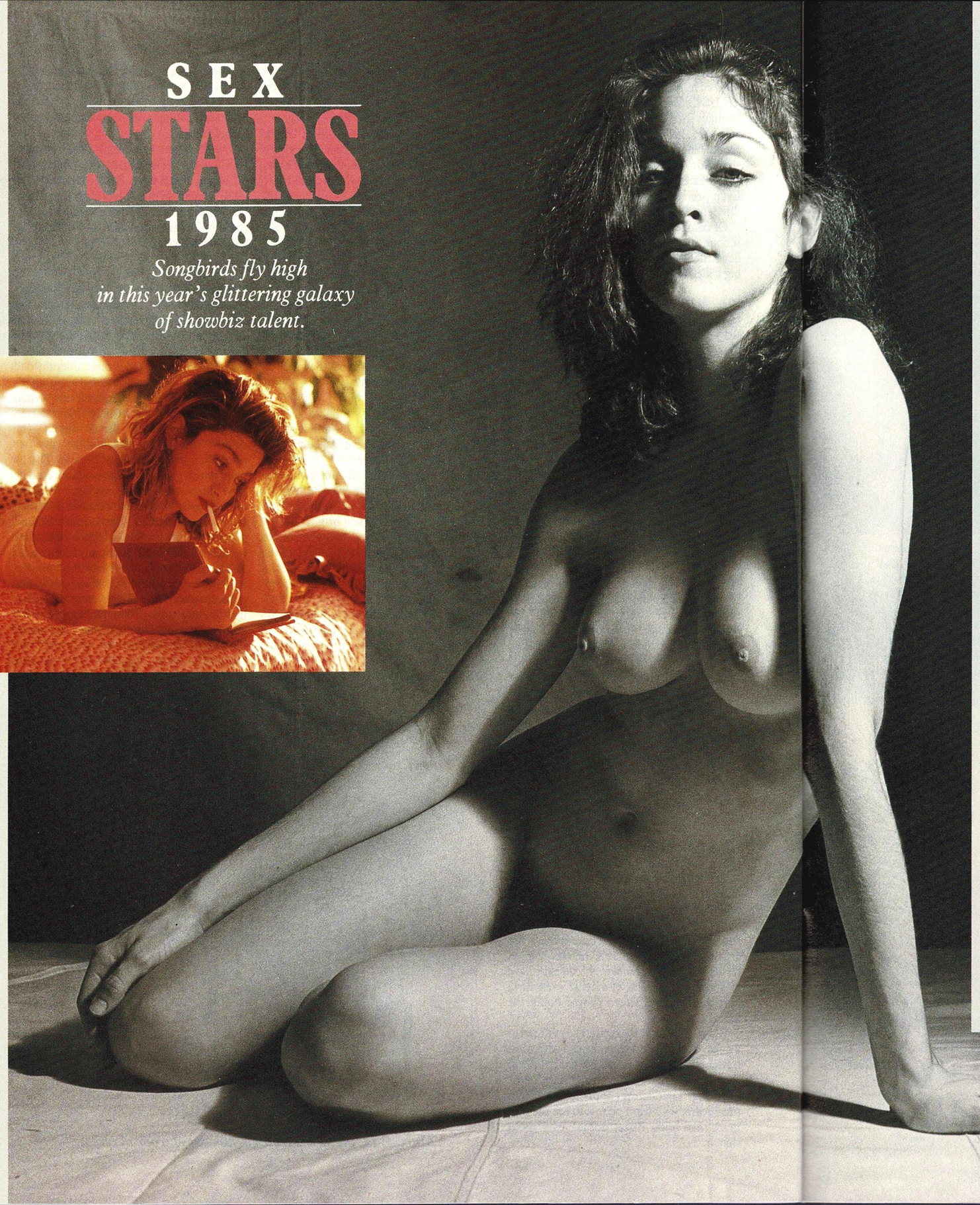
"I agree it would be marvellous to do Asia overland, but it just isn't on."



SEX STARS 1985

Songbirds fly high in this year's glittering galaxy of showbiz talent.



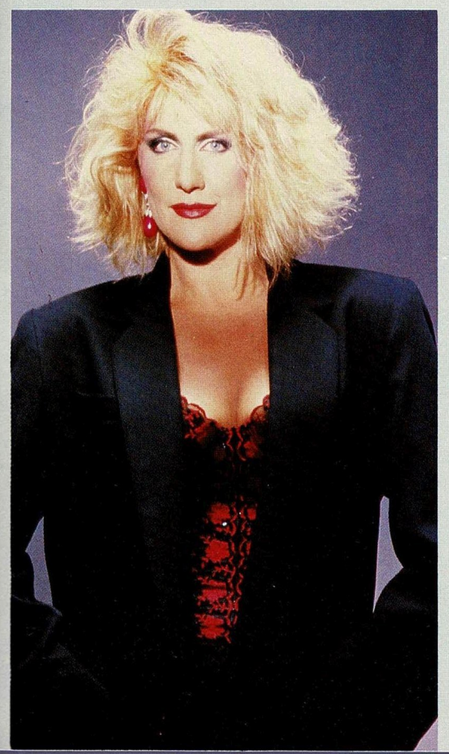


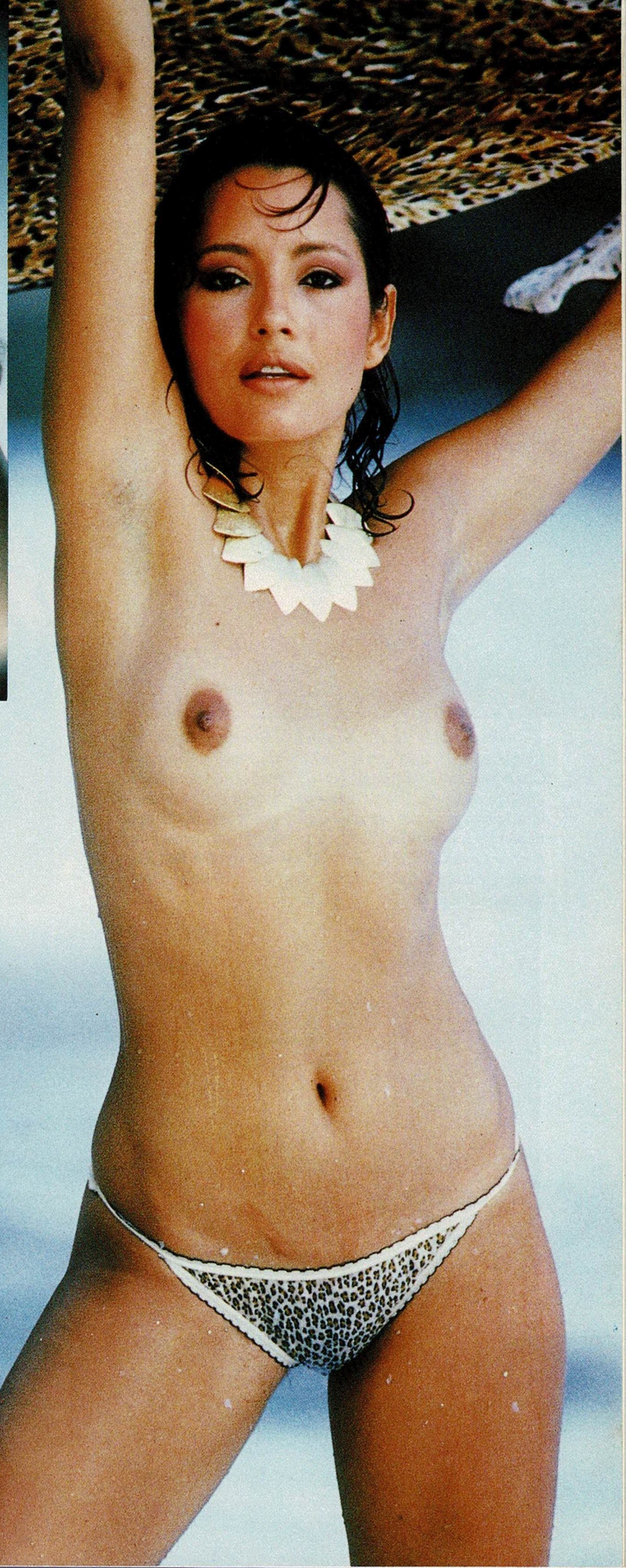
THIS YEAR's hottest media darlings were rock singers turned movie stars — and the hottest of them all was undoubtedly **Madonna,** who dazzled in her debut film *Desperately Seeking Susan (inset)*. Hundreds of fans tried to gatecrash her wedding to hell-raising actor **Sean** *(The Falcon And The Snowman)* **Penn,** after nude photos (like the previously unpublished one here) had made the news. But running a creditable second was fiery **Tina Turner** *(right)*, who proved that the truly sexy have staying power with her female lead as Aunty Entity in *Mad Max: Beyond Thunderdome,* her beyond-belief Live Aid concert finale with fellow vintage sex star **Mick Jagger,** and yet another series of dynamite live shows.

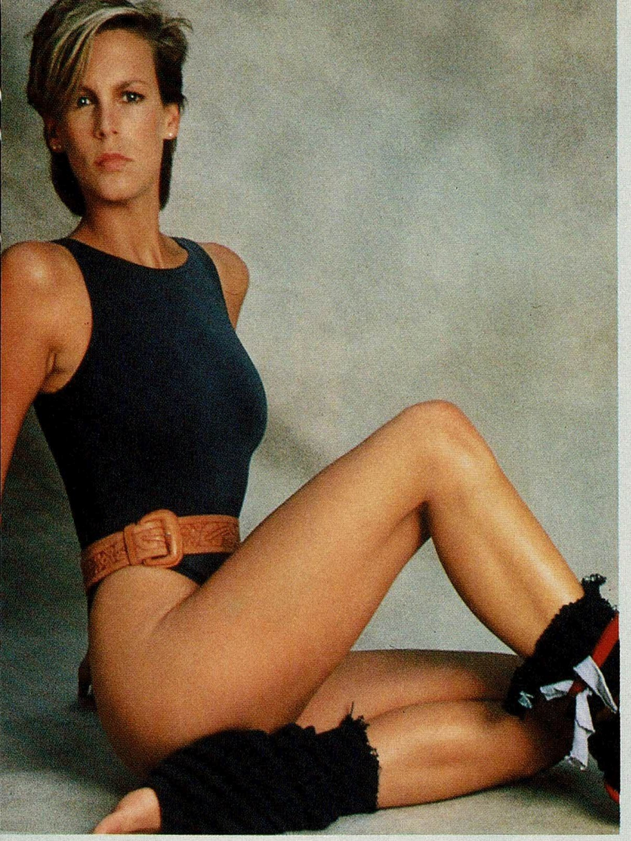
Clockwise from top left: **Shannon Tweed,** 1982 US Playmate Of The Year, has a recurring role in *Days Of Our Lives;* **Kelly LeBrock,** *The Woman In Red*, now teaches teenagers the facts of life as a creation of *Weird Science;* **Randi Brooks** has a movie role in *Terror Vision;* **Kim Basinger** is enmeshed in sex and violence in *9½ weeks* and *Fool For Love*; 1982 Aussie Playmate Of The Year **Lyn Barron** wed *Dallas* heart-throb **Chris Atkins** *(inset)*; **Theresa Russell** played **Marilyn** in *Insignificance* and **Tommy Chong**'s little girl **Rae Dawn** progressed from *Quest For Fire* to *American Flyers.*

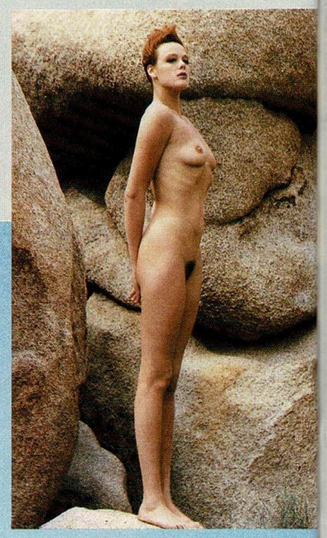
Prince's first lady **Vanity** *(above)* was a redeeming feature of *The Last Dragon* and is now making *Never Too Young To Die*. Brazilian temptress **Sonia Braga** *(right)* plays several fantasy roles, including the title one, in *Kiss Of The Spider Woman*, while **Joan Collins** *(below)*, the reigning demon doyenne of *Dynasty*, masterminded and starred in a TV mini-series, *Sins*, due in 1986.

Kathleen Turner (above), a mafia hit lady in *Prizzi's Honor*, reprises her naive novelist in the follow-up to *Romancing The Stone, The Jewel Of The Nile;* **Barbara Carrera** *(right)* went on from the unbelievable *Wild Geese II* to score a part in *Dallas;* and Australia's sultry songstress **Renee Geyer** (below) wowed nightclub crowds in both Sydney and Melbourne with songs from a great album, *Sing To Me*.









Clockwise from top left: **Jamie Lee Curtis,** daughter of **Janet Leigh** and **Tony Curtis,** and newly wed to **Spinal Tap's Christopher Guest,** was a perfect foil for **John Travolta** in the underrated *Perfect;* Australian Playmate **Grace Parr** landed the female lead in *Black Diamond (inset)* and is also in the upcoming *Leonora;* **Grace Jones** breathed new life into the latest Bond saga, *A View To A Kill;* and **Brigitte Nielsen** starred as Red Sonja, but attracted more attention as **Sylvester Stallone**'s new fiancee, with a part in *Rocky IV*.

We raise our glasses in tribute to the finest drinking spots across the land.

AUSTRALIA'S BEST BARS

Compiled by **SUSAN KUROSAWA**

ILLUSTRATION BY FAY PLAMKA

WE'VE HAD THIS suspicion for quite a while that Australian PLAYBOY readers are partial to a drink or two, have more than a passing interest in the opposite sex, don't mind the idea of a lively chat and some spirited joke-telling with maybe a dab of music in the background, and get around enough to be on intimate terms with more than their fair share of damned good drinking spots.

We decided to enlist your help. We wanted to find out what's hot and what's not on the Aussie pub and bar scene. In our November 1985 issue we included a coupon inviting you to write in and tell us your favorite bars. We asked you to consider such factors as atmosphere, pick-up potential, service, clientele, value and variety of drinks, and food and entertainment, if available.

We also asked our regular contributors — writers, artists and cartoonists — to submit their votes, and we sent spies to check out the action just about everywhere from Albury to Alice Springs and back again. Although state and hometown loyalties tended to prevail, many participants in our survey voted across state borders. One reader in faraway Broome submitted a two-page testimonial to a great bar he'd once visited in Launceston. We received six coupons from a group of mates in Rockhampton telling us we should bloody well know that The Palace Hotel in Kalgoorlie is the best pub in the land. Readers in places such as Bathurst and Broken Hill spilt the beans about the great times they'd had at Dawn Fraser's old pub, the Riverview Hotel in the inner Sydney suburb of Balmain, during annual visits to the Royal Easter Show.

Various trends emerged as we collated the votes, spoke to our spies and contributors, and visited many of the big vote-pulling bars. It became apparent that the great bastion of Aussie tradition, the dinkum corner pub, has undergone a startling transformation. The crusty old establishments with fly-blown mirrors, long bars, tin tables and chairs, Friday night chook raffles and a patch of beer-garden out the back for patrons to catch a breath of air and have a quick, discreet chunder, are all but gone in the big cities. Most of them have

The exuberant decor, chatty atmosphere and diverse clientele of Sydney's Marble Bar make this drinking spot a sure-fire winner.

adapted to social change and been reincarnated as squeaky clean hotels with potted palms, sassy barmaids and fashionable cocktails, and with little trattorias, ristorantes or Asian eateries tucked away upstairs or out the back.

There are wide-screen videos, live or canned rock music, and a discernible style of clientele, ranging from punkish to hard-core yuppie.

Bars in big city hotels, such as Sheratons, Hiltons, Regents and the like, accounted for a big share of the votes in our *Best Bars* survey. Supporters mentioned factors such as plenty of well-dressed, eligible women; easy access from the office; smooth atmosphere; regular and often extended happy hours for cheaper drinks; and quality entertainment.

We also noticed that singles bars — places that are either by reputation or design known as pick-up palaces — didn't sweep the field. One reader summed it up by a postscript to his vote that indicated he and his best mate couldn't cope with the predatory atmosphere and overt competitiveness of such places. And, thank God, we haven't yet arrived at the gimmicky stage of American singles bars where you can encounter snow storms, laser shows, female jello wrestlers (jelly to you, and mostly strawberry, we're told), rap-dancing waitresses (we wonder how that affects the head on the beer) and hot-dog eating contests.

Whatever happened to dry martinis and a surreptitious grope in the dimly lit bar booth?

So, here they are, the results of our Australian PLAYBOY *Best Bars In Australia* survey. Our warm congratulations to the Marble Bar in Sydney's Hilton Hotel, the overall winner, and the top contenders in each state. And thank you, readers, for participating in this special survey.

Cheers!

■ **THE MARBLE BAR:** This shadowy, opulent bar is arguably the most famous drinking spot in Australia. It began life in the Adams Hotel in Pitt Street, Sydney. The owner, George Adams, had made a packet conducting race sweepstakes and he commissioned the finest bar in the land for his popular hotel. The decor was styled in 15th century Italian Renaissance and Julian Ashton was assigned the task of painting a series of 18 female nudes in typical Australian rural settings. The Adams Hotel closed down in 1969 and the Marble Bar was relocated to the Hilton four years later. Most of the flamboyant original fittings are still intact and the bar embraces an overblown and decadent aura that modern bars couldn't possibly hope to emulate. Jazz and rock groups perform at various times through the week and the place especially leaps on Friday and Saturday nights. Those voluptuous Ashton women still oversee the scene, the light is sufficiently low to create a romantic atmosphere, and the exuberant Victorian decor means that most patrons tend to dress up a little and to lounge in an unhurried fashion.

A bottle of proper champagne is never more than a finger's snap away, bar prices are good, beer selection is excellent and, as the Marble Bar is tucked away downstairs in the bowels of the hotel, there are no windows and one can easily lose all track of time and space while soaking up the palpable atmosphere of one of Australia's grandest watering holes. The Hilton boasts another great spot, the America's Cup Bar, and if *they're* not hot on the night, check out the Lobby Bar at Sydney's Sheraton-Wentworth Hotel.

HOW TO LINE UP A WOMAN

I can count on the fingers of one hand the number of times I've been successfully picked up in an Australian bar. I have not led a sheltered life. In the interests of investigative journalism, you must understand, I have frequented a variety of Aussie bars in my time. I've propped up the counter at crusty old bush pubs and I've strutted my stilettos on the marble tiles of chic city hang-outs. I have been chatted up by men wearing pin-striped suits, Stubbies and thongs, footie uniforms and, on one occasion, a chirpy duo dressed as Batman and Robin (they were on their way to a fancy dress do, or so they said).

I have heard the worst pick-up lines in the world, and a few that could qualify as the best. It's no easy matter, of course, trying to crack on to some strange female in the dim light of a crowded watering hole. Some women are downright hostile. They may have visited the bar hoping to meet a man but they are blatantly resentful if one actually dares to invade their personal space. It's all a bit like a lucky-dip and you have to be prepared to graciously accept the booby prize if fate is not on your side.

A word of advice. The best way to secure a woman's attention is to buy her a drink (most females come across, I have it on good authority, for tequila sunrises and strawberry daiquiris). That doesn't mean sauntering up and murmuring, "Wanna drink, sweetheart?" That approach is too sudden and unsubtle. Check out what she's drinking and ask the barman or waiter to deliver her a fresh drink with your compliments. If she's worth worrying about, she will respond with a smile, maybe even a coy wave. Unless you're dressed in a gorilla suit or wearing salami-scented aftershave, she should be willing to engage in a cosy chat with you.

It gets expensive, I realise, to keep a succession of bar-room beauties lubricated with funny-colored cocktails. A fella needs a few good pick-up lines up his sleeve. And he needs to steer clear of the following duds, all of which have been used on me with an astonishing degree of failure at bars across the land:

1. "Are you new in town or have I tried to pick you up before?"
2. "You're a movie star, right?"
3. "May I have your telephone number so I can call you from the mobile phone in my Porsche?"
4. "I'm fighting the urge to make you the happiest woman in Dubbo tonight."
5. "Marry me. We can get divorced in the morning."

I have five fingers on my right hand. Here are the ones that worked:

1. "Look, I'm not much good at picking up girls. Any suggestions on how I should be going about it?"
2. "You don't look like the type who's into one-night stands. Gee, though, if we like it, we could do it again in the morning."
3. "I like the bush. People are honest. Can I pick you up?"
4. "I'd like to shower you with diamonds, furs and designer jeans. Let's get things moving with French champagne."
5. "Rescue me! That guy in the lavender T-shirt keeps trying to feel me up!"

If I stumble across you in a crowded bar, I will expect you to have rehearsed your lines.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA

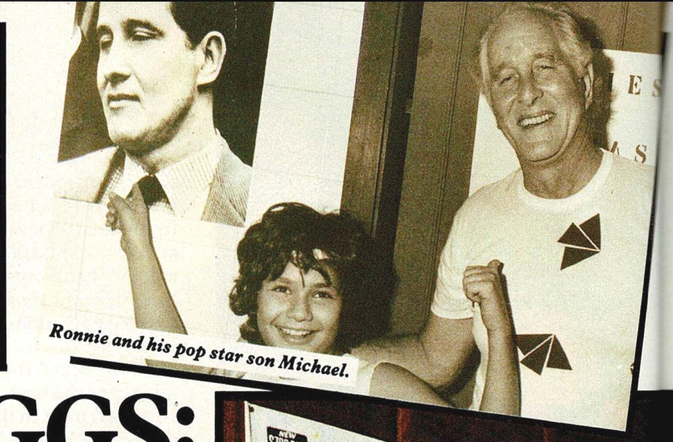
■ **CLUB NEW YORK:** Adelaide's seemingly sedate night-time exterior has had a bit of a shake-up lately with an infusion of fast-laners following the world Formula One circus. Once news was confirmed that Adelaide would host the Australian Grand Prix, the city jumped into first gear and a few top spots appeared from its seething, simmering underbelly. Best of all is Club New York, Adelaide's most sophisticated singles meeting place. Occupying the upper floors of a rock solid and fashionable old mansion housing the classy Braested Restaurant, it faces the city parklands in inner suburban Greenhill Road. More than just a watering hole, Club New York has become the unattached and freewheeling glitterati's meeting place and admitted pick-up joint. Dress standards are high and policed at the door; so is the class of imbibers and jivers. It's where the well-paid professional, single or separated set gather and prowl; quite a few notches up the ladder from Adelaide's suburban pub and disco scene. If you reckon there are too many gold nuggets on neck chains here, don't panic. They're likely to be member's numbered identification, though membership is not obligatory. Club New York is famed for its extended happy hours, lively floor shows, reasonable nightclub prices and friendly service. If making contact is the name of the game, Club New York has got a lot of what it takes, but if it's not firing on the night you go, try Charlie's Bar at the Adelaide Hilton or Pharaohs restaurant and nightclub, which has a bit of a reputation for its floorshows.

■ **VICTORIA HOTEL:** If a pub has character you can forgive it almost anything, except warm beer. Regard then, "The Vic" in Darwin; its real name is the Victoria Hotel, but no one has called it that in living memory. It has been through fire, cyclone, pestilence and war and looks it. The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse ride through the bars on the hour, every hour. The clientele are a walking, breathing, living, fighting art gallery of tattoos. There is no air-conditioning but, on our oath, punkahs are used to stir the tropic air. This is a bar where you know something cataclysmic is about to happen. It is not a bar where you go to show how tough you are, because the clientele are tougher; especially the women. It is a bar where you quietly drink your beer and wonder how many unwritten novels are leaning against the walls, sipping their middies, listening to the brain-numbing music and reliving past glories. The Vic has character to the point of affectation. It's enough to drive a strong man to drink.

■ **THE PACIFIC HARBOR BAR:** Cairns's Pacific International Hotel has established itself as a leading accommodation and social venue for interstate and overseas travellers, business executives and

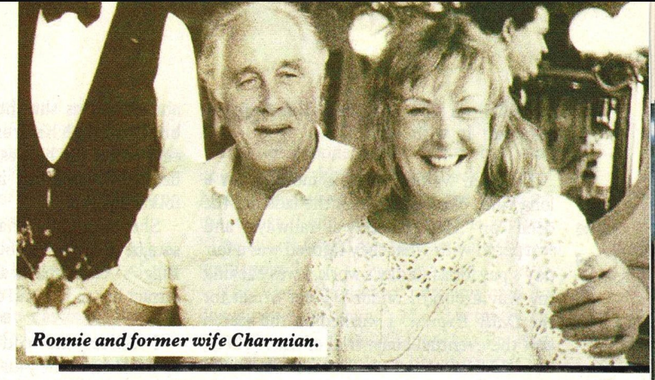
(continued on page 114)

Biggs's women: Brazilian Raimunda (left) and Argentinian Ulla.



Ronnie and his pop star son Michael.

God Save Ronnie Biggs.



Ronnie and former wife Charmian.

RONNIE BIGGS: 20 YEARS ON THE RUN

Great Train Robber Ronnie Biggs celebrates two decades of freedom.

RIO DE JANEIRO, South America's sin city: raging night-life, seething streets, and a million people trying to get out of this crazy airport, the Galeao International, and into the Brazilian whirlpool. The surging masses present no logic. As with most overseas arrivals it's a blur of new faces, unknown customs, picking low-lifers out of the crowd and steering yourself and your baggage around them, trying to make some sense out of the shouting and the turmoil.

"The price will be 75,000, senor. . ." The voice repeats, "It'll cost you 75,000." That sounds like one hell of a cab fare, but 75,000 cruzeiros turns out to be $15 and the hotel sounds like easy living compared to this jungle. This cabbie's got things wired; he knows the backstreets and figures he can tell why a westerner chock-a-block with suitcases and cameras is in Rio.

"Lotsa girls in Rio, senor. Lotsa girls. You will have a happy visit here, senor."

"Yeah, pal." I don't have the heart to tell him that Brazil's fleshpots aren't quite top of this Aussie's agenda. Sure I've come to party, but the big bash is for another man. Ex-Great Train Robber and British fugitive once exiled in Melbourne, Ronnie Biggs is throwing a show to celebrate

Article by **RUSSELL McPHEDRAN**

THE WORLD CHRONICLE
BIGGS ELUDES YARD AGAIN!
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'If it can save lives, then it should be introduced'
Police to call for random tests
Petrol price rise turns away many motorists
Govt hopes to cut jail wage bill by $7m
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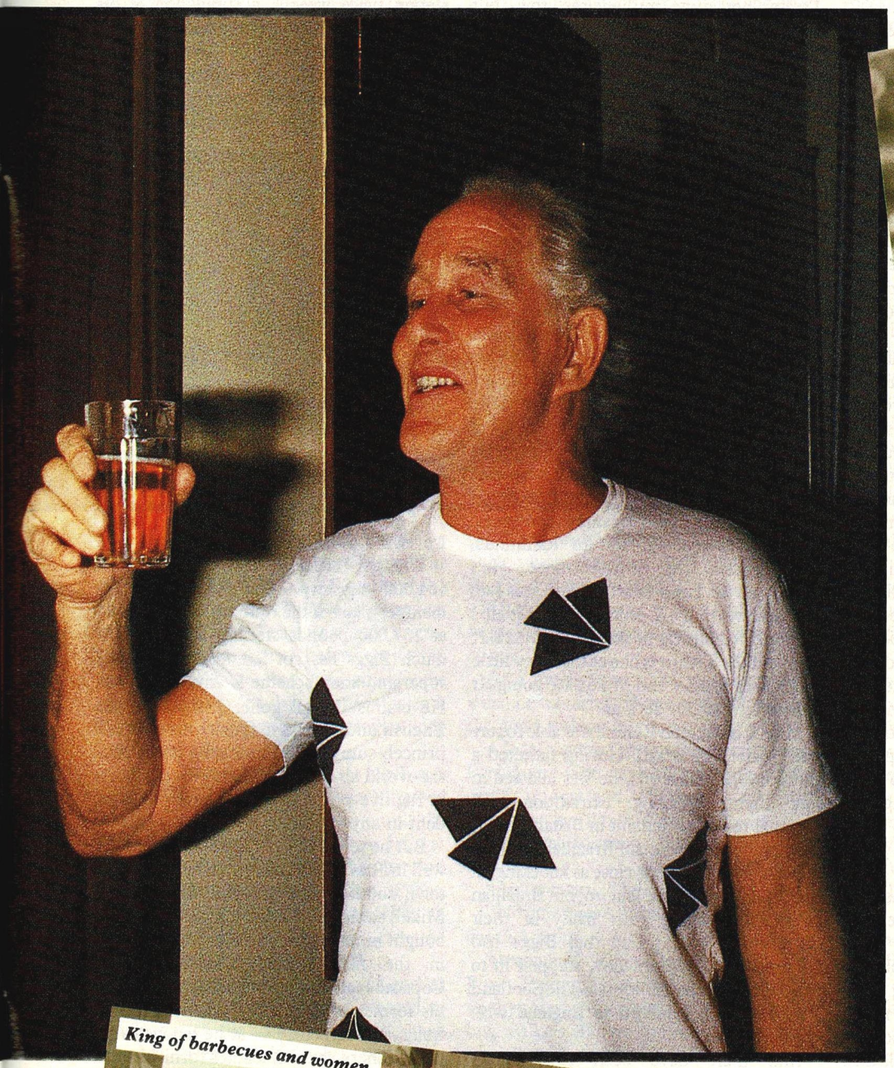
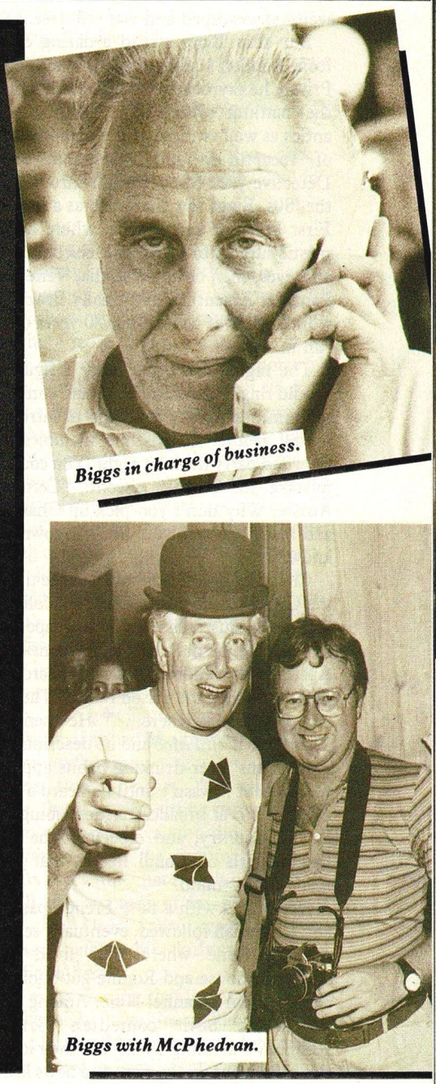


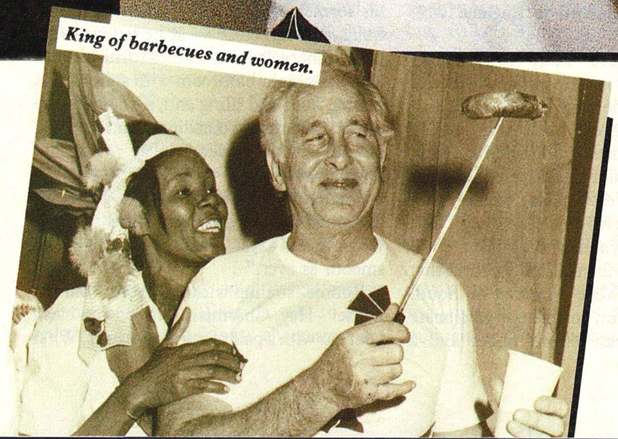


Biggs in charge of business.

Biggs with McPhedran.

Gun-toting Brazilian partygoers.

Documentary stardom.



King of barbecues and women.

Mugshot before Biggs's nosejob.

20 years on the run and I'm here to celebrate it with him.

●

I'd been waiting for this moment for a long time. Way back when the lads did the deed on Her Majesty's railways and scarpered with what they figured was a fair day's pay for a fair day's work, I was hacking my way around London's Fleet Street for the *Daily Express*. I worked on the search and the eventual court trial of the robbers, but I'd never met the mastermind who eventually escaped and was still free.

But after Biggs staged a daring escape from London's high-security Wandsworth Prison, he skyrocketed to hero status among the battling classes. They followed his antics as well as those of the man in charge of recapturing him, Scotland Yard's Detective Jack Slipper, right through into the '80s. Biggs saw the world as a fugitive. First Belgium and France, where he had plastic surgery to change the look of his nose and eyes, then on to Australia, Venezuela, Panama, Argentina, and finally Brazil. No wonder he was celebrating 20 years on the run in style.

The night before the party I figured I should ring and ask Ron if I could come and see him, just to say hello and to introduce myself before the possible shambles of a crowded party the next night. You couldn't mistake the English accent: "Certainly, Aussie. Why don't you pick up Charmian and bring her with you. She's in town, you know."

Charmian was Biggs's wife at the time of the Great Train Robbery, and she followed Ronnie to Australia after he'd escaped and had his face job in Paris. He first considered Australia as a hideout after he heard The Seekers sing on the prison radio, "There's a new world somewhere. . ." He then read *They're A Weird Mob* and its description of Australians' beer-drinking habits appealed to him. But it wasn't until he heard a *News Of The World* broadcaster describing The Lucky Country, and especially the great looking girls on Bondi Beach, that Biggs made up his mind.

He arrived with a false French passport and Charmian followed, eventually settling in Melbourne where they lived in a suburban house and Ronnie got a job as a carpenter for Channel Nine. Among other duties he built comedian Graham Kennedy's dressing-room. But their identities slowly became known, and news leaked out that they were the Biggs. The afternoon tabloids had a field day, so did the local police, and no doubt Detective Jack Slipper was getting his visas in order when Ronnie made up his mind to escape to South America. He figured that if that was where the Nazi war criminals hung out, then it was a natural. So he took a boat via New Zealand and was free once again.

Charmian on the other hand, was left in Melbourne with three sons to face the police and angry members of the public who abused her as she shopped, even chucked bricks through her front windows. It wasn't easy street for her, especially when one of her sons was killed in a car accident the following year.

She eventually changed her name and sought a divorce, but somehow Ronnie Biggs's charisma was strong enough to attract her to Rio and a celebratory reunion.

●

I collect her and head for Ronnie's apartment, in the plush hill suburb of Santa Teresa: not quite millionaires' row, but pretty damned close.

The Biggs charm has not been reserved purely for the Aussie contingent. . . Charmian is not the only "ex" in town. We're in his lounge room for only a few minutes when his former girlfriend, the Brazilian striptease artist Raimunda de Castro, walks in with a new baby, a new Swiss husband, and a hell of a lot to talk about with Charmian. They haven't seen each other since 1974, a meeting that had been cold, bitchy and jealous, but this time round they seem the best of mates.

Ronnie goes for a traditional British ice-breaker: "How about a nice cup of tea?" No one blinks an eyelid but I feel decidedly disoriented. Am I actually seeing one of the world's arch anti-heroes carrying a tray of cups and saucers, milk and sugar? It seems uncannily like a scene from *Coronation Street*.

The family melodrama continues: Ronnie's 12-year-old son to Raimunda, Mike, makes the next entrance. He's already a real Latin heartbreaker, this kid, and he's wearing a T-shirt that says it all: I MET RONNIE BIGGS IN BRAZIL, HONEST. It turns out the T-shirt is one of the many little enterprises Ronnie and Mike have going. It sells to tourists for $5 a go.

Mike is the reason Ronnie was able to stay safely exiled in Brazil. Having fathered a child to a Brazilian girl, he was allowed to stay there, escaping extradition and eventual re-imprisonment in Britain. But it hasn't all been a peaceful Brazilian holiday.

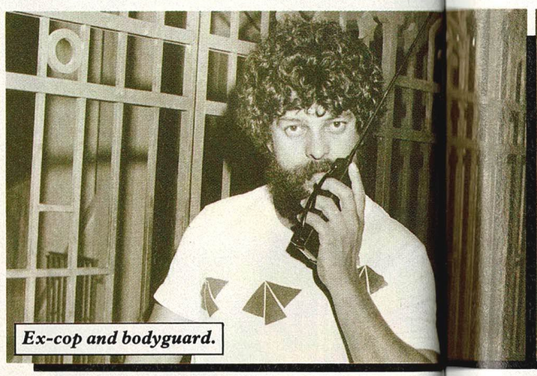
Jack Slipper came as close as knocking on Biggs's door in Rio de Janeiro, but Brazilian police, who along with many of their countrymen were proud that Biggs had fathered a locally-born boy, stepped in to ensure the fugitive could stay. The Scotland Yard detective returned to England with egg on his face.

And there have been two kidnap attempts: the first in 1978 got nowhere, but three years later the same gang of ex-British commandos dragged him from a Rio restaurant, gagged and bound him in a sack, and transported him by chartered jet, then yacht, to the West Indies, where again extradition laws proved a stumbling block to his return to Wandsworth Prison.

The Biggs boys fell on their feet over that incident. Young Mike appeared on South American television to make a passionate plea for the release of his father and a television executive saw him, thought he'd hit the child-as-an-instant-star jackpot, and signed him up. Now Mike's a famous pop personality travelling around Brazil playing to live and television audiences with his band, Magic Balloon Gang. He rakes in more each year at 12 than your average mug politician in Australia.

In fact, in Rio it's not a case of Mike being Ronnie Biggs the Great Train Robber's son, it's Ronnie, dad of a famous pop idol. When Biggs senior has to report to his local police station twice weekly, a stipulation of his residency, the boys in blue constantly ask for autographed copies of Mike's records. Just for their kids, they reckon.

Ron is philosophical about his son's fame. "He'll make more money as a pop star than I ever did as a train robber," he says.



Ex-cop and bodyguard.

The profile Scotland Yard failed to catch.

Whether that'll be, of course, remains a $64,000 mystery. Though each gang-member's cut of the robbery was estimated at 137,000 pounds sterling in 1963, how much Biggs has got left from his private superannuation scheme is anyone's guess. He claims it's all gone: £40,000 to the English underworld to finance his escape, a princely sum for plastic surgery, and round-the-world air and sea tickets plus passports at fugitive prices would all have put a big dent in any stash.

But he seems to have settled down pretty well in Brazil, high above the most exciting town south of the Amazon. He manages Mike's earnings, and the junior pop star has bought him the apartment, as well as a disco in the famous resort beach area of Copacabana. Ronnie's also rediscovering his former profession — no, not robbing trains, but carpentry — as he renovates his place. There are rich leather furnishings, a luxurious main bathroom with sunken tub, marble floor and tiling and, if you prefer to do your swimming outside, a giant pool and balcony with million-dollar vistas of downtown Rio.

After enjoying the views and a good old-fashioned cuppa, Charmian turns to me as we leave and says: "Still the same old Ron, smooth as ever."

Ronnie, smiling wickedly, yells from the house: "Hey, Charmian. I heard you clean your car with a pair of my underpants. What a way to be remembered!"

Charmian shouts back: "It's all that's left of your belongings. And no one wanted them."

Even 20 years after the event that shot Biggs to international fame, there are no punches pulled between the pair. It's obvious they still care a lot for each other.

Ronnie yells one more time: "Hey, remember you're strangers in town. Be careful when you're walking around the streets at night. There's a lot of bad eggs about who'll relieve you of your valuables very quickly."

Rich stuff from the once prince of thieves.

●

The party is going to be a howler: taxis and private cars have created their own traffic jam on the way to chez Biggs. The official guest list tops the 200 mark, plus a BBC film crew making a documentary on the event. Lights, cameras and microphones meet the guests before they even arrive at the huge steel gate outside the apartment, guarded by Ronnie's friend, driver and bodyguard, ex-Brazilian cop Paulo Barbudo.

Inside, Ronnie and Mike, as well as a band called The Black Arrows, are dressed in prison garb, while plastered on all the walls are pictures of Biggs when he was arrested for the robbery, and when he went over the wall at Wandsworth. His mug shot, the one issued by Scotland Yard when all England was looking for him after the robbery, is also in pride of place.

Ron, now 55, looks fit, tanned and as healthy as he's ever been and pleased as punch that all the women in his life have come to celebrate. He jokes and sings around the barbecue with his ex-mistress, Raimunda. Charmian is keeping a low profile. His new Argentinian girlfriend, Ulla, looks on bemused as the band plays and the crowd dances in the shell of the unfinished swimming pool. The BBC crew is in there among it, too, photographing young Michael playing pop stars with the rest of the jet set.

There are guests who never answer questions such as "What do you do for a crust?" A few dubious characters are carrying machine-guns, and though they could be toys, I'm not going to ask for proof. A lot of Ron's Brazilian friends see him as something of a Ned Kelly, and it's likely most of them have got a bit of bushranger blood in their veins, too.

Ronnie welcomes the crowd by saying, "You'll be pleased to know Slipper of the Yard couldn't make it."

A big cheer goes up just as an old English buddy of Ron's, Stanley Pickston, dressed as Detective Jack Slipper, makes a mock arrest. Somehow the forces of law and order have a ghost-like presence at the party: they are, in fact, at the core of what we're celebrating. Everyone is mesmerised by the large photos on the walls. There's a dotted-line picture, too, of Ron's escape route over the Wandsworth walls.

He savors the glory: "Now there's a day Biggsy will never forget."

Charmian grimaces at the Scotland Yard mug shot: "Oh, Ronnie, what a terrible shot of you."

Of a much more flattering photo taken when he was arrested, she says, "Now that's the good-looking guy I ran away with."

A local reporter approaches her, raving in Portuguese. She steps back, explaining she can't understand. "Okay," says the reporter , "we'll talk in English."

Charmian answers, "What are we talking about?"

"An interview," he says. "An interview."

"No interviews," she says, heading for another room.

Meanwhile, Ronnie's the party's Pied Piper, Raimunda is everywhere, joining in all the songs, occasionally giving Ron a big hug. Mike's all over the shop, too, getting into all the entertainment a 12-year-old can handle.

The band is getting requests and the crowd is asking for Ronnie's specially written party song. He dons a bowler hat, grabs his son beside him, and The Black Arrows kick off the Biggs classic, *No One Is Innocent*. It's reminiscent of his outrageous punk collaboration with the Sex Pistols.

"Ronnie Biggs was doing time, until he done a bunk, now he says he's seen the light, and sold his soul to punk. God save politicians, God save our friends the pigs, God save Idi Amin, and God save Ronnie Biggs."

It's no swooner's love song, but that doesn't stop the girls from flocking after him. I ask one stunner what she thinks of the Great Train Robber and she replies, "I've always found him to be one of nature's gentlemen."

The word "charmer" was invented to describe this man. My partner, an Australian girl, is standing next to the host while I take a couple of happy snaps. He speaks in her ear above the din of the party. "Your luck's changed now, my love."

She replies, "I would have thought it was the other way around."

Ron laughs, "Typical Aussie bird's comment."

I ask him if any of the other train robbers are here, but he says, "No, they couldn't come."

"Why not?"

"They're all doing their own thing."

The party rages on into the early hours, while outside the ex-cop is battling with gatecrashers, wishing he were armed with something more than just a walkie-talkie.

The next day the local press reports it's been a $10,000 extravaganza; just the kind of thing Rio's glitterati would be proud of. But when I see Ronnie before flying home, he confesses he did it on the cheap, maybe 1000 bucks. We are lunching in the plush Meridian Hotel in Copacabana, and after 20 years of being on the run he's no longer looking over his shoulder. He likes the easy-going life in Brazil, just as he did in Australia before the cops closed in on him, but he's safe here and he knows it.

A few tourists ask for his autograph, which he gives with a friendly smile and a joke to go on with. The waiters treat him like royalty. He's a living tourist attraction.

I ask him if he had his time over, would he do it any differently.

"Next time," he says, "I wouldn't get caught. But then, I'm sitting here with you, so I only got partly caught, didn't I?"

If you mention the supposed stash he answers every time that there's none left. In fact all the proceeds of his book, *Ronnie Biggs: His Own Story,* went on legal expenses after his kidnapping and extradition hassles.

On my reckoning that leaves him with a son who might make him a millionaire yet, a disco, a lot of wild memories, and the rest of his life to live in Brazil. Not bad for a bloke who by British law should still be rotting away in some dank, cold English prison.

He pours himself another wine and smiles as his driver arrives to take me to the airport. "Now make sure you come to the silver anniversary of my freedom in 1990," he says, lifting his glass in celebration.

I say "cheers". My thoughts race to the other Great Train Robbers. They might just be getting out by then.

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A word of advice though. Save it for a rainy day.

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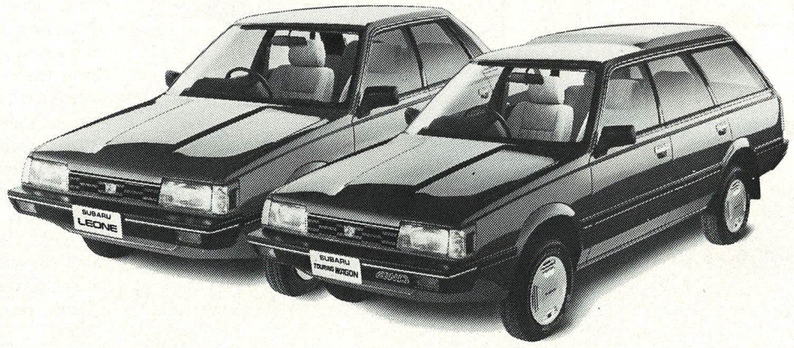

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TOURIST TRAPS *(continued from page 52)*

If you want to get laid, ask a heterosexual male steward on the aircraft which bar the crew drinks in.

First principle: Do not carry a camera. Certainly do not carry a camera with a zoom telescopic lens that looks like a shining black penis extending from your navel. Only tourists carry these cameras. They are the badge of a man who is about to be ripped off.

Second principle: Dress soberly. It may come as a shock to you, but Europeans do not traditionally go about their business dressed in thongs, stubbies and a T-shirt celebrating the joys of the golden amber fluid. The Europeans do not. Nor yet the Japanese. Nor Chinese. Nor indeed, as far as I can ascertain, any other nation on earth.

I am not suggesting you wear a pin-striped suit in the heat of the noonday sun in Hong Kong but at least keep to a plain shirt and trousers with shoes. And providing the idea doesn't send you up the wall, even a tie (with club stripes, if possible).

Third principle: If you buy a new watch abroad, do not wear it until you get home. Bar girls in the darkest corner of a smoky love-nest can spot a new Rolex from 20 paces and value it in two seconds. New watch means mug punter with money and all the moves follow on directly from there.

Fourth principle: If you want to get laid (and why else are you travelling abroad?) ask a heterosexual male steward on the aircraft you travel in, which bar the crew drinks in at night. In Tokyo it is Berni's in Roppongi, in Hong Kong it is the Go Down on the Island, in Singapore it is the Galaxy. These bars exist all over the world and give the crews a substantial discount, and the local ladies congregate there because they can get a brief bit of the other without messy emotional entanglements.

Or ask a crew member where they go in their spare time if they are looking for the other. In Paris it is almost any bar in St Germain de Pre, in London it is almost any disco outside the Soho/Mayfair area, in New York it is any bar on 1st Avenue above 60th Street, in San Francisco it is almost any bar, in Hong Kong it is the Makati Inn, Crossroads or the Pink Pussycat.

If you cannot make a successful pick-up in one of those places you are a hunchback homosexual and there is little hope for you. So straighten up, stop lisping and steam ahead.

Fifth principle: Do not go to any nightclub or bar that advertises extensively in tourist magazines. If you do not believe me, fang one of the Australian tourist magazines which are given to eager visitors to these shores. My favorite is called *Meat Pie*, for reasons which escape me, but there are dozens of others. You can get them free at the front desk of any hotel. Now look at the bars and clubs that are advertised. Have you been to any of them? Would you go to any of them? Never. They are for tourists who know no better.

Sixth principle: Before you start out, work out a quick way you can convert the local currency into Aussie dollars. For example, with the yen you can knock off two noughts and divide by two. That's this week. Next week it may have changed.

Get this equation firmly in your skull and then you can work out whether the bill as presented bears any resemblance to reason. And while you are at it, add up the bill so that you can take out the date and the waiter's birthday. They may not have recognised you as a tourist and therefore the bill may not be padded. On the other hand, it may.

Seventh principle: If you are making an arrangement with a working girl for her comfort and presence during the night, get the ground rules worked out first. Otherwise what you thought was all night becomes short time and the total cost is expanded to include her mother's cancer treatments. And before you make a fond farewell in the morning, check your passport and wallet and see you still have them. It may sound brash and mercenary but it is what the locals do. Only tourists pretend it has not been a commercial transaction.

Eighth principle: Never, never believe you know it all. I was in the Philippines working at Clark Base out at Angeles. Heading for a night on the town in one of the wildest places on earth, I used the patented Gareth Powell Tourist Safety Device. My wallet is one of those cloth jobs and I have a Velcro tape sewn on it. I strapped the wallet around my ankle, then put my socks on and then pulled my boots over the lot. Safe as the Bank of England.

In my top shirt pocket I placed 300 pesos which would neatly cover the evening's entertainment, including the temporary use of a willing, nay eager, young brown body. From the base I grabbed a jeepney, the local type of taxi, and directed it to Randy Ram's Inn in Angeles, where I would establish a base camp before proceeding further.

As we left the base the jeepney turned into a side street and stopped, and three of the driver's friends approached. They did not look friendly. Indeed, the reverse. They were all waving knives.

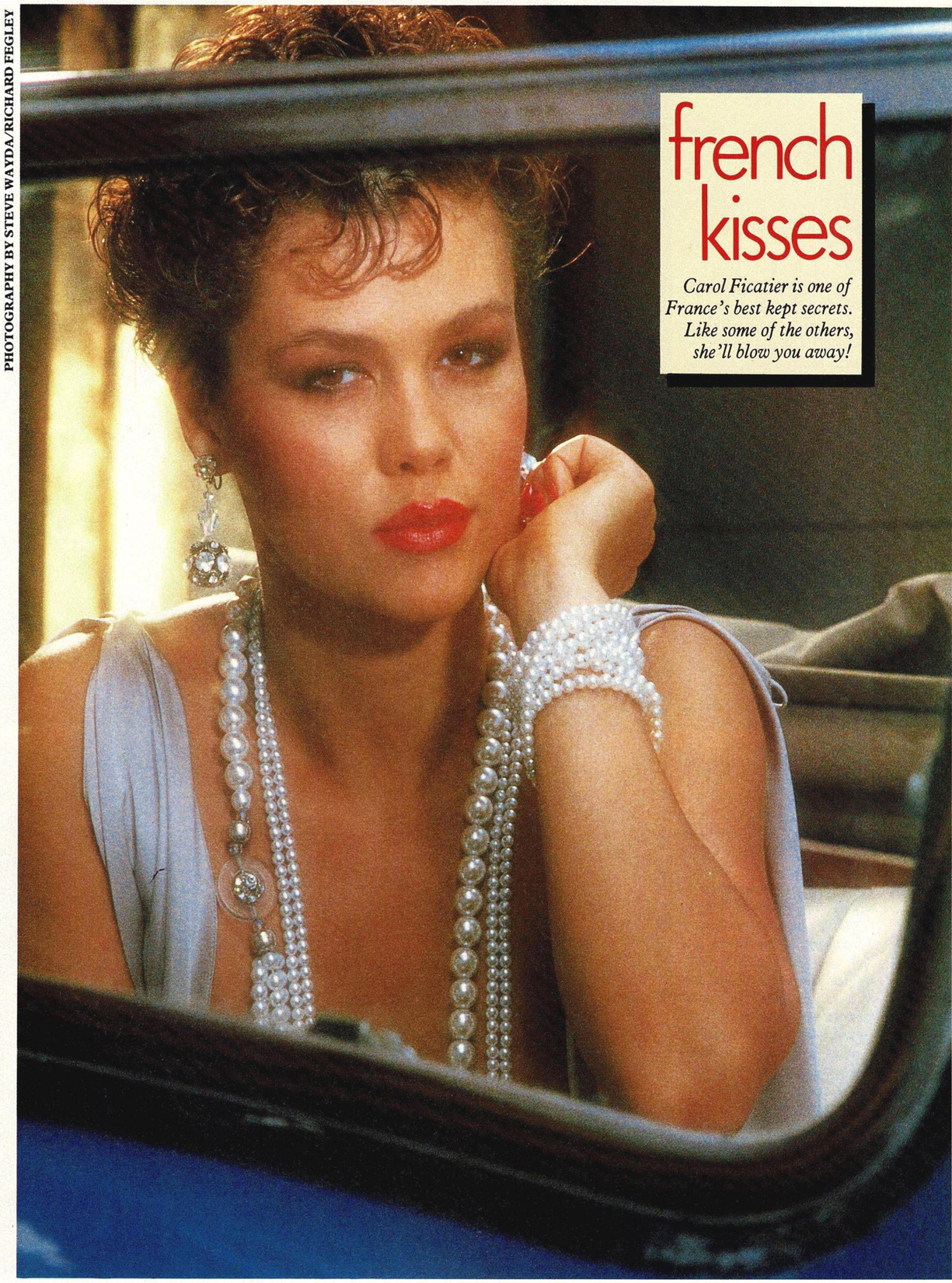
The driver turned round to me and said, "Okay, fat boy, off with the boots and socks."

"That's it? That's what marriage is all about. . . if she washes, you dry?"

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEVE WAYDA/RICHARD FEGLEY

french kisses

Carol Ficatier is one of France's best kept secrets. Like some of the others, she'll blow you away!



Coquettish Carol Ficatier is the kind of export France should be proud of. A perfect complement to that country's great food, top wines and the best champagnes. The women of France are equally delectable and Carol aims to keep up the tradition.

Originally from a small village in Chablis, the area famous for its wines, she ventured to the bright lights of Paris when she was 18 and soon became the toast of the town.

"I was trouble in school," she says. "The clown of the class, always. I modelled a bit when I was about 12 in small magazines. Then, starting on my 18th birthday I became a full-time model."

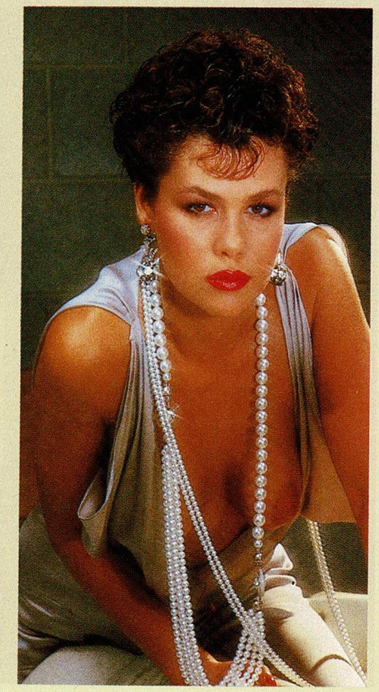
Only a year later and after a series of lingerie billboards had put her body on show all over Paris, Carol's attitude was: "It's me, but it's not.

"I can be very objective," she says. "I am not looking at myself and saying, boy, am I nice. It's someone else, almost, someone I know so well that I know all the flaws."

There were not enough flaws to keep her from moving on to high-profile assignments in Zurich, Hamburg, Milan, Tokyo, and New York.

Being such a traveller, Carol unwittingly becomes an ambassador for her country; the French lilt in her voice and the mischief in her eye are a dead give-away. As such, she's become a bit of an expert answering questions about one of France's more famous pastimes: sex.

"I must say I prefer the French," she says. "They're more open. Nude beaches everywhere. You can be topless anywhere. It seems that with French people sex is more natural. It's something that is there and it's nice, and let's not make a big deal out of it."



"Looks don't matter in a man. Well, I can't really say that. A man, for me? Not necessarily superbright. I don't need dumb, obviously. Tender, kind. I want to be his companion, his lover, everything. But not dominated by him. I have my own identity."

ROCK'N'ROLL (continued from page 36)

Righi: "We dropped Men At Work. Six months later they became the biggest band in the world."

plus a percentage of the door, to outdoor concerts where the main attraction can expect to make 30 to 40 thousand dollars.

Its principals regard their exact turnover as "really confidential" but allow it to be "millions of dollars a year". And the man in charge of Sydney operations (the most extensive) is 33-year-old Sam Righi.

Sam's one happy feller. "I've been doing it for nine years and the only thing I miss is that I don't have more acts. See, I only represent seven or eight acts personally; once upon a time I represented most of them. It was like a jigsaw puzzle for me, like sitting here all day playing chess. Moving bands from here to there, doing all these different things and it was like a great game, every day I'd just come in to have a game. I love it!"

Responsibility, or rather "being together", that very '70s phrase that still pervades the music industry, is the essence of a successful agent, according to Righi. "A lot of people are into socialising in this business," he says sternly. "I don't drink, and I don't get into all that. I have a responsibility for these bands."

In the midst of a business rooted in intoxicated entertainment, you must remember lots of detail — from attendance figures over a year to venue-access for road-crews — and get it right every day. Otherwise you end up like another agency who sent an international act (Sam coyly refuses to name names) to the wrong venue one evening. "They'd set up the whole stage in Caringbah before someone told them they were supposed to be in Wollongong. . ."

If a gig-promoter can be likened to the big-money punter, and managing compared to training a racehorse, then the agent is the bookie. His margin is how well he knows an act's drawing form, and the peculiar conditions of each venue.

If pressed, Righi is prepared to admit he's occasionally blown it. "We dropped Men At Work. It was really my fault, not a matter of not believing in the band, but of not seeing eye-to-eye with their manager. Six months later they became the biggest band in the world. . ."

Salesmanship is also important. "You've got to be good with the mouth," says Sam wryly. "Some acts you've gotta convince people to take. . . you have to be a 'creative enthusiast'."

Over the years some bands have slagged Righi for not doing enough convincing on their behalf — usually in private, for with the exception of *Countdown*'s Ian Meldrum, and the heads of major record companies, there are few individuals with as much casual power over an act's future. Righi is saddened by those occasional ruptures: "You work really close and you're always hustling for them, you share their downfalls. . . that's why when a band leaves, you feel really hurt."

For although Harbour-Premier dominates, they're not the only show in town. "The crazy thing about Sydney now is that it's so open." Righi waves expansively at the masses of concrete outside his fifth floor William Street office. "You do have all these chances to book a room or manage a band. But it's funny. . . I don't get a lot of people ringing me up and looking for a job to be an agent. None at all. Once, years ago, I actually advertised. People said, 'You're mad, you can't make an agent.' That's bullshit. Anyone can be an agent, you don't need to be a bloody genius."

Sam made his selection by ignoring his own golden rule of Always Return Your Phone Calls. The avalanche of applicants

Righi: ". . . it was like a great game."

dwindled away over a couple of weeks; eventually just one guy persisted, and ended up camped in the outer office, refusing to leave until he'd seen Righi.

"So after about two hours I asked him to come in. He sat down and I hired him straight away."

About a quarter of a mile away in the heart of Kings Cross, someone else is convinced that you don't have to be a genius to be an agent, and that "it doesn't take more than a couple of minutes to sell a band like the Angels".

He happens to be the Angels' manager, and he also happens now to be a client of Righi's, whom he respects after years of working virtually in opposition. John Woodruff looks like one hopes rock managers would, now that we've moved out of the age of cigar-mashers like Colonel Tom Parker and Albert Grossman. The tall slouched frame, the long jaw and droopy left eyelid suggest an affable shark. He's been a folk singer, soldier, mining engineer, ski instructor and professional yachtsman, and thinks vaguely of getting into the movie business. Right now, at 36, he's one of the very few successful and respected rock managers in Australia.

For a decade he has handled the Angels and, with partners like Ray Hearn and Rod Willis in the Dirty Pool management company, been intimately involved with Cold Chisel and Icehouse throughout their long dominance of the Australian music scene. For a new act, being picked up by Dirty Pool is a literal guarantee that you will eat next week and maybe record the month after.

Dirty Pool changed the whole live booking structure in Australia during the late '70s by forcing the long-ruling promoter/booking agent combinations to enter written contracts and pay percentages of the door in addition to set fees. At the same time they developed a "grid" booking system that ensured promoters maximum audiences by guaranteeing the act wouldn't appear in the same area within a specified number of weeks.

But these tricks have been done. The challenge now is the overseas record deal, and here it doesn't matter whether you're a young shark or an old shark, the problem is the size of the pool.

John Woodruff puts it succinctly: "What it boils down to is that five percent of the world record market cannot afford to play a 50 percent-of-the-world-record-market game. They can't afford to play in the American market-place."

The Australian record market can barely support local acts. It's widely conceded that a decent debut album can cost $75,000; Woodruff reckons you'd have to sell gold or even platinum to make your money back. "Record companies are prepared to take that chance, but in return they want the rights to a very big slice of the world."

As even moderate success in America is worth heaps, that would be okay, if getting even a sniff at that success didn't cost an arm, a leg and most of a torso. Woodruff spells out the economics with the resignation of one who lives with the problem every day, and knows it's not about to disappear.

"The first thing any American company wants to do is remix the album. And they'll want to repackage it. They'll pay for the latter, but remixing it is a band expense, and becomes a massive problem when the costs of remixing in America are about two-thirds what they paid to record the album originally. Then the (American) record company says, 'Well, we love your two $10,000 Australian videos' — which is pretty good going if you've managed to get $20,000 out of an Australian company for videos! — 'but no way in a pink fit would MTV (the 24-hour rock television network) play them.'

"So we're gonna have to do a $70,000 video, and that's going to be 50 percent recoupable. So the band's going to wear another 35 grand on their royalty account. And then, six weeks into the release, they want you to tour. Now, the average band touring is going to lose anywhere between 10 to 15 thousand dollars a week on the road in America on their first tour. Say you go out for a 10-week tour, you're talking about 150,000 dollars worth of tour support.

"Now, you go to the American record company, who stand to make a profit out of the record, and ask for tour support, and they say, 'We don't have a contract with you.' You go back to the Australian record company, who hold your original contract, and ask for $150,000 tour support and they just laugh. For that money they can make two albums."

Woodruff believes that about one band in five has a serious chance at the world market after its debut album — but only if it "renegotiates" its record deal. Renegotiate is a beautiful way of saying the band has walked out on the company and then walked back in again.

He is in full sympathy with the record company quandary over investment, but hopes against hope that some flexible formula for promoting overseas success can eventually be found. Meanwhile there's nothing to stop new talent grappling with the problem.

Woodruff believes that the hungry young manager and the hungry young band are the best combination — and ultimately the manager does better out of it. When a band inevitably passes out of fashion, its members have to start another or think about the car-lot; the manager just switches to another act. "He doesn't get all the kudos," says Woodruff bluntly, "but his business keeps going."

But it's not a business worth selling your soul to.

"Without wishing to put shit on the industry," says Woodruff, calmly preparing to do just that, "if you look around I guess the reason why none of us has a real career orientation is that the people around you (with the exception of a lot of people in record companies who are suited to that and do have a career per se and would otherwise be working for a computer company or a newspaper or whatever) are really quite frightening. If you say, 'They're my peer group', you start to freak out a little. . .I mean, would you invite that person around for dinner? You start to think, Maybe I should be treating this more as a game, winning on some personal level rather than some industry-accepted level?"

It's all very well to think about treating it as a game when you've made a bundle and can pick up new earners at will. But the poor bastards still waiting for the pop lottery to come up with their number might be allowed the obsession with success, as might those happy-go-lucky types who've made a score and partied it all away.

Rock'n'roll has got more of those than

MONEY FOR NUTHIN'..?

AS A GRAPHIC illustration of the economics-of-scale working against Oz rock'n'roll, consider these figures. Brian Peacock and Chris Gunn, whose Sweet Conspiracy company manages successful acts such as the Eurogliders and Redgum, gave them as a rough indication of what a band in the top bracket might face in a year of earning and spending. No more than 15 groups would make this bracket.

INCOME	
LIVE PERFORMANCE	$1,040,000
RECORDING (assuming the band can sell 100,000 copies of an album in Australia plus singles)	$130,000
PUBLISHING	
Mechanical royalties (eg self-penned songs on record)	$60,000
Performing rights, including radio, television and jukeboxes (depends whether composing royalty income is equally divided or accrues to just one or two writers)	$20,000
SPONSORSHIP	$10,000
MERCHANDISING	$10,000
VIDEO (production outside normal film clips)	$10,000
TOTAL INCOME	$1,280,000

COSTS	
LIVE PERFORMING	$520,000
RECORDING (assuming lease deal cost between $150,000 —$300,000)	$200,000
PUBLISHING	$20,000
VIDEO PRODUCTION (depends very much on project, ie whether feature release, video album etc)	$50,000
BOOKING AGENCY	$104,000
MANAGEMENT (between 15 and 25 percent)	$256,000
TOTAL COSTS	$1,150,000
NET REVENUE	$130,000

The difference of $130,000 would represent the balance available for distribution between individual members of the group, ie a five-member group would receive $26,000 each, whereas a 10-member group would only get $13,000. An individual star like Richard Clapton would be left with the problem of paying the members of his group a wage.

NOTES

1. The touring costs will assume a minimal $200 per week expenses/living wage for a five-piece band. Given a notional 26 weeks on the road per year, this represents $26,000 of Live Performance costs.

2. Bands rarely claw their way up to this bracket without a debt burden, ie bank loans, deferred commissions, settlements with changes of record company or management. Hard to average, but must be considered against paper net profit.

3. However, bands that have maintained at this level for a number of years could expect to make more profit in terms of increased album sales and above-average returns for live work.

4. In any case, the pay-off is never substantial in Australia. (All these figures are based on domestic earnings.) Many bands invest not only their profit but mortgage some future earnings in order to have a chance at the big pay-off: the overseas breakthrough.

Clapton: "Just get off your arse and go and do some work — don't sit round talking about who's getting signed for what advance."

your average goldrush.

You'd be excused for expecting Richard Clapton to be comfortably well-off, if not excruciatingly wealthy. At 33 he's a solo singer/songwriter with more than a dozen albums, most of which have sold well for a long time; if he doesn't know what he's doing, somebody upstairs must like him a lot, right?

Wrong.

"I could have been well set up by now." Clapton looks positively wistful as he stares around Benny's, the Kings Cross bar that's the office-away-from-the-office of Sydney's senior rock fraternity. "Sometimes I wonder. . . I was brought up as a rich kid, boarding school and all that, never really had much respect for money. I do have a very healthy income," he concedes. "But I've got my tax coming up and at the moment I can't pay it — and most of my friends are the same, 'cause we're all too flippant and can't seem to grow up."

Clapton signed his first recording contract in 1973, after an extremely liquid lunch.

"We were all really pissed, and we ended up back at the office and started playing silly buggers with the contract. All I could think about was 'artistic licence'. I knew nothing at all about the economic or legal aspects, and didn't care, and here I was signing my life away for five years. I was thinking, 'Boy, I'm really taking these guys to the cleaners!' and they were thinking, 'Boy, we've got a real turkey here!'

"Fortunately it turned out all right, 'cause Festival is a good, honest company."

After four albums his attitude had changed somewhat. "The next time I came to contract signing I was a real bastard. By then I didn't care about the 'licence'; just give me three times the royalty!"

But, paradoxically or not, Clapton bemoans the calculator'n'spreadsheet mentality now rampant among new young bands. "Just get off your arse and go and do some work — don't sit around talking about who's getting signed and for what advance," is the advice from Mister C.

Ah, advances: the honey-on-a-stick of the music biz, the legendary vast sums you cop merely for scrawling your name at the bottom of a record contract. Only trouble is that the advance is really just a loan: if your record is successful, you don't see any of the money until the loan's paid back. If the record bombs, you'll have to pay it back out of the next one. And if that fails too, you've got the equivalent of a bad credit rating: even if you can get out of your contract and try another company, your bargaining position is wretched.

As Clapton says, "You've got to sell a lot of records to pay back a 100 grand advance.

"Without going into private matters like my royalty rate," Clapton smiles, "I think I worked it out that I have to sell about 40,000 albums to break even. Which doesn't sound like much, and in fact I can do that easily. But debut acts very often only do about 2000."

And they won't have El Clappo's secret, hard-won royalty rate. Few new acts could hope for more than eight to 10 percent, and that eight percent may, once more, be divided three or more ways. Some people actually frame their royalty cheques rather than bother cashing them: Midnight Oil reproduced a statement for around $1.69 on one of their early T-shirts.

The guy who does the best is the one who writes the tunes. One, he gets a composer's royalty which is more than equal to the total band performance royalty. And two, he gets that royalty even if someone else (hopefully a megastar) records his song.

Only trouble is that to protect his copyright and place his song with megastars, he needs a publisher, who will organise the availability of demonstration cassettes to singers world-wide who might be interested, and who will safeguard the composer's rights from that point. The publishing company may be part of the record company, though often it's not. But whoever it is will try to soak the budding composer for a hefty percentage. Tyros are still getting offered 50/50 deals, but with any sort of track record you'd be looking to keep the lion's share.

Publishers also tempt with advances, but Clapton says one should look for performance rather than upfront cash. "Try and find how the record company or publisher has succeeded with similar material; decide how keen they are not just to have you on the books but to really push you," he advises.

And in any case the days of the big publishing advance seem to be over. "Three or four years ago they were paying outrageous advances," says Clapton. "A total unknown could walk in off the street and score six to 10 grand. Now, even if you have a track record, it's more likely to be two, or even one."

Clapton blames the lean times on the publishers and companies being dazzled by the fast-talking hip young manager. "He could go in there and pull stunts on the record company and the publishing company, and get you those six-to-10 grand advances, and it was all hype. And now they've all been burnt, we've got the big backlash."

Problems, problems, problems. . . you start to wonder if anyone's having a great time in the music biz — and we haven't even considered the average working musician, the guitar-slinger for hire with nothing in the way of royalties to look forward to.

"The scene's better than ever! Everybody's starting to pull their fingers out and working, and record companies are spending more money. The Australian film industry is using local bands and local composers a lot more. Anybody who tells you things are terrible can't be any good."

Hundreds of less successful musos would disagree vehemently, but Tommy Emmanuel can get away with being this brash. At 30, this slim, youthful guitarist has already had a career longer than most twice his age. Tommy was playing professionally with his brother and sister at age five. From school he went straight on the road, backing all comers and "playing just about every place you could name".

Now he's one of the top session guitarists in the country, and he thinks things have never been better.

"The young players who are coming up — there's some who'd scare the pants off you! And they've got a good attitude. In the old days there was so much jealousy and bullshit that went down: players being afraid of other players, whereas now good players love to get together."

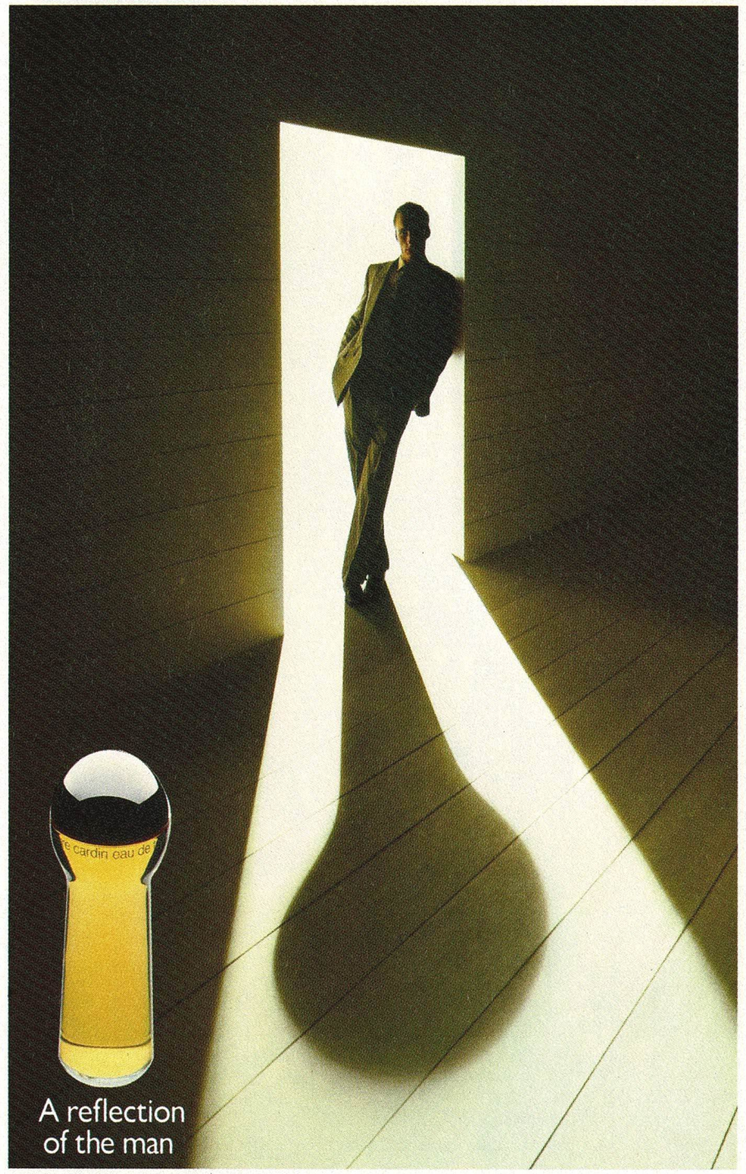
And those top players can make a tidy living. Emmanuel estimates that a sessioneer with a really frantic workload could pull in three or four grand a week — "but I don't know of many doing that much. Maybe an average would be a grand, a grand and a half."

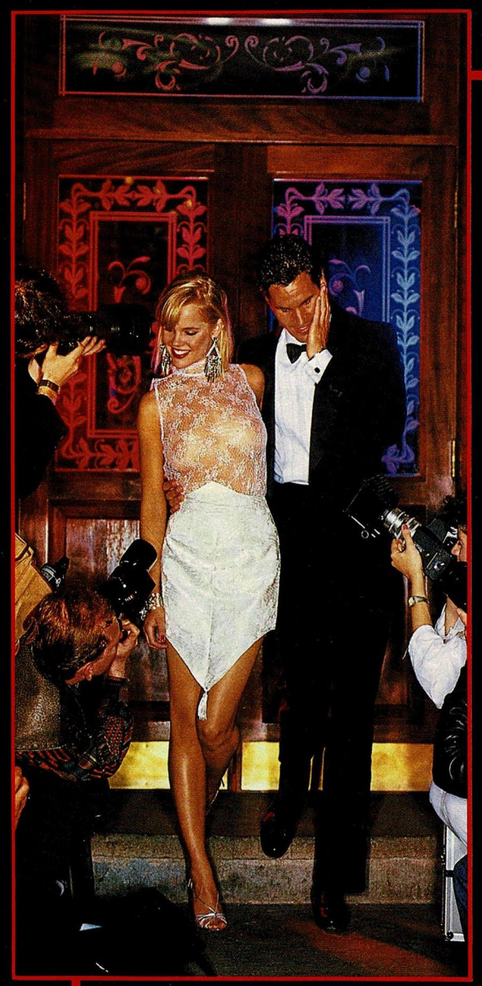
Jingles, television, theme music. . . you probably hear Emmanuel and his colleagues a lot more than you realise, even when you think you're listening to someone else, because some pop bands look great on *Countdown* but don't actually cut it in the studio. Late at night the producer may call in the pros to rerecord or tidy up the backing tracks.

Emmanuel won't name names for the record, but he admits that it happens a lot, and cites one group's recent successful debut single on which he not only did all the guitars but the bass and drums as well.

"Nice work if you can get it — and you can get it if you try." Seems crazy, but the old jazz standard appears to sum up Tommy Emmanuel's situation, and those of many in the business. The message seems to be that lucky breaks are no substitute for talent, persistence, hard work and responsibility. Disgusting!

Maybe you're now looking at some of the geeks who sell lots of records and asking "Why not me? Why can't I get in on the act?" Well, don't give up your day job. You might just find rock'n'roll *is* working for a living.





BARELY THERE

Sightseers rejoice! Here's the sexiest array of see-through fashion in the world.

Since the advent of central heating, clothes have become more than something to keep us warm. They're now decorative, even expressive, rather than simply functional. And, naturally, people have taken advantage of this. Especially women. Low-cut dresses started to pop up; then off-the-shoulder chemises; then skirts so short women had to be careful not to sneeze, lest they share their underwear with their companions. These days, however, absolutely anything goes. Dressing up now means hardly dressing at all. And, as our scintillating selection of see-through fashion reveals, women are wearing less and men enjoying it more in even the most unlikely locations.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JEFF DUNAS

STRANGER *(continued from page 48)*

"What are you doing?" she said with a quiet coldness. "Do you think I'm going to jump into bed with you?"

least I had a chance. And it was not as a traveller wanting only to be welcomed and warmed by a tumble in her four-poster; but something more — I liked her, and I was grateful to her for taking charge of me.

She led me out to the narrow road, where the fog was swirling and drizzling and then she turned into one of those country lanes that is like a deep trench. Although it was dark, Rachel did not hesitate, and I followed the sound of her footsteps grinding the damp pebbles in the lane. We had left the hamlet of hidden cottages and were headed for the cliffs. I could hear the waves dumping and sliding in the deep hollows below.

Some minutes later she said, "There it is."

Lights burned in three or four pretty windows, and although they were blurred by sea-mist they helped me pick out the contour of this cottage, the low slanting roof and the bulging walls. It seemed a remote place, and I think I would have been frightened to be alone there. But all its desolate characteristics made it an excitement to be there with Rachel Haven. I was about to enter this stranger's life. It is a traveller's thrill: to delve and then move on, like passing through a pool of light.

"I always leave the lights on," Rachel said as she opened the front door. "I hate to come back to a dark house."

Inside the cottage any sense of mystery vanished. It was a tidy place, penetrated with the odors of good bread and healthy cats and green plants. Its warmth heightened these odors and made them fragrant, and the warmth itself was a reassurance.

"I've been making a jumper," Rachel said holding up a sweater. I suppose she thought I had been wondering about the knitting paraphernalia that lay on a chair.

"Is it for someone special — the jumper?"

"Yes," she said, and looked very serious and intense. "Someone in Africa. I'm sort of a godmother to a little girl in Lesotho. It can get very cold in Africa." She handed me a glass of white wine and I sat down on the sofa, and made room for her, but she chose to sit before the fire.

We went on talking — about the work on missions in Africa, about the weather, about the pleasures of radio programs and the tastes of herbal tea — but all I thought was how badly I wanted to make love to her. I could begin by getting down beside her on the carpet in front of the fire. I did not want to make it obvious. As we talked, and as she refilled my glass, I grew steadily more dreamy with desire.

She said, "I think this silly cat has been in a fight. He's got a torn ear."

"Let's see," I said, and scrambled next to her.

The torn ear occupied us for a while, and the fire warmed my face, and I was sleepy with wine. At last, sensing that I was falling, I put my arm around her, then squeezed her shoulder and leaned to kiss her. She arched her back and stiffened as if I had driven a spike into her.

"What are you doing?" she said with a quiet coldness. "Do you think I'm just going to tumble into bed with you?"

She said it with such a sneer that I was on my feet before she had finished speaking. She had made me ashamed of myself. I backed away, stumbling slightly. I said, no, it was the farthest thing from my mind, and, my, look at the time!

"I have to go," I said. "Where's my pack?" And she switched on another light. I was at the door, wanting to run. The overbright light made the cottage seem less friendly. Now I could see the books on the shelves. I was slinging on my knapsack and studying the shelves and, with nothing at all to lose — I had already touched bottom — I spoke the malicious thought that was in my mind. "Have you read him?" I said.

I was at the door, waiting for her parting words.

"Paul Theroux?" she said, and brightened, "Oh, yes, I love him. He's smashing."

I hesitated at the door of the cottage. She did not have the slightest idea who I was. I wanted to laugh. I certainly wanted to stay longer.

Rachel said, "You don't have to rush off like this."

The words were hospitable, but they were face-savers; her tone insisted that I must leave soon. She said, "I think I've offended your masculine pride."

With a difficulty I hoped was not visible to her I suppressed my reply to this.

"I think you misunderstood me," she said.

A lovely woman's invitation to a perfect stranger to walk to her isolated cottage to split a bottle of wine: that seemed a wholly unambiguous offer to me. Or had I jumped to conclusions?

"But stay a little while longer," she said. "We might as well have the other half of the wine."

In fact, I had jumped up so quickly I had left my glass with wine still in it. As she handed it to me I dropped my knapsack to let her know that I planned to linger.

"I think you had the wrong idea about me," she said. "It's strange when one lives alone. One is unaware of giving off a lot of contradictory signals. They think I'm a bit mad in the village. I know they talk about me behind my back."

I stayed next to the shelves, near the books I had written. She put a few small pieces of coal on to the fire, and pushed it with the tongs. It was a frugal impulse and I understood from it that she wanted the fire to die. She did not want to throw me out, but she was trying to make me understand that her friendliness was formal. She had been kind in a tentative way; all the presumption had been mine; she deserved to know I had lied to her about who I was.

I would have told her, except that I had the strong feeling that she did not think Edward Medford was very nice. It was more than that business about my masculine pride — it was that she did not like me much, didn't like my appearance. I had simply landed up here; I wasn't jolly, as hikers often are; I had to be told that Africa could be cold; I was a bit of an oaf. All this prevented me from blurting out my name. And then, thinking about it, I was glad I had given her a false name.

I said, "You didn't really have to ask me for a drink."

"You looked a bit lost," she said.

It was unreasonable of me perhaps, but I felt she was being patronising. I was still stung by the rebuff, by her exaggerated words, "Do you think I'm just going to tumble into bed with you?" But more than that, she made me feel I was just another muddy hiker.

"I'm not cross. I appreciate your taking me in" — and when I saw the effect this had on her, I added, "but don't worry, I won't stay long." When she didn't react, I said, "Frankly, I thought you wanted a little company."

"You thought I was lonely," she said, and she laughed gently. "That's actually quite funny."

"Don't you ever get lonely?"

"I don't have time! I'm desperately busy." And her one-word shout was like an explanation: "Christmas!"

"Have you ever been married?"

"No," she said, interrupting me.

"Do you —"

"Questions," she said, and then looked away. "I had a fiance once. He died."

I said nothing — allowed a moment of silence out of respect for this man's memory.

"A few years ago, I was seeing someone."

She hesitated. I thought, Seeing means everything.

"But he went away."

A lovely woman's invitation to a perfect stranger to split a bottle of wine: that seemed a wholly unambiguous offer to me.

The words were sad, but she was fairly bright — there was no remorse or self-pity in her tone, only a wistful echo. That was what I had first found attractive in her — her spirit, her sense of freedom — and I had thought she had chosen me. I knew better now. She wanted only chat. So I chatted.

"You must read a great deal."

"You find that strange," she said.

That irritated me. I did not find it strange at all. I was glad. But she was boasting.

"It's not only you — a lot of people find it strange. They wonder what I see in an author of a book. But I can't describe the experience. It is magnificent — entirely imaginative." She smiled at me from a tremendous height. "Look at it this way. It is my version of hiking. New paths, new scenes, new people. It's like fresh air to me."

It was in the raw, simple tones of a hiker that I asked her, "Would you recommend any of these books to me?"

"All of them," she said. "I keep only the books I intend to reread. The rest I give away." She added, "I love reading about distant places."

"What — this stuff?" I said, and let my fingers hesitate on *The Mosquito Coast*, *The Great Railway Bazaar* and the rest of them standing under the author's name, between Thackeray and Thomas.

"Anything that feeds my fantasies," she said.

"I'd love to know your fantasies."

"They're to do with travel mostly. I dream of sunny countries and blue skies. Steinbeck — the wonderful towns he writes about. Monterey, California. Fresno — it's such a lovely word. Fruit growing. Just the words citrus groves make me sigh. I think of the sun on the rows of pretty trees and heating the roads and the rooftops. I see the bright houses and the little patches of shade under the green trees and the vines. I dream of Mexico, too. Very hot and dry — the desert is sort of odorless, you know. Nothing decays — everything withers beautifully, like pressed flowers. I dream of small towns in endless summer —"

She was describing the opposite of Blackby Hole, where the rising wind of December pushed at the windowpanes and howled under the eaves and the sea spilled its cold surf down below on the hard shelf of beach.

Rachel Haven was still talking — not about small, hot towns in middle America: fresh air, good food, friendly folk and sunshine. She also saw herself in the African sun and in a bungalow in Malaysia and taking a stroll in China. They were simple visions and strange because they were not at all extravagant. They were not expensive or luxurious — no five-star hotels or native bearers.

"We're on a picnic," she was saying, "sitting on very green grass on a riverbank in the sun. We have food — I've made sandwiches — and everyone is drowsing, and someone says, 'Let's do this again tomorrow!'"

And then I saw it, too. We were together, Rachel Haven and I, in California or Mexico, packing a picnic basket and setting off under a blue sky. I had an intense sight of it, which was the more passionate for its simplicity. It was possible and, more than that, it was easy. She did not know how attainable it was. I had so often bought tickets and visited such places; but I had been alone and restless, and I had left thinking, someday I will come back with someone and be happy.

Rachel Haven had risen from the sofa. I smiled at her and prepared myself to say everything.

Her own smile was an effort. She said, "Hiking boots!"

We both looked at my feet.

She said, "Those little treads pick up mud and carry it indoors and drop it. Look —"

I was standing on a green square of carpet. There were small pellets of mud, like bonbons, all around my boots.

"I'm terribly sorry," I said, and raised one boot, looking for a footing. "What a mess."

"Please don't move," she said. "You're making it worse."

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"Shall I take these things off?"

"I don't know," she said. She was exasperated and upset, and there was a squint of pain in her eyes as she looked down. "I wove that carpet myself — on a hand loom. I did a weaving course in York. It took me ever such a long time. You can't see the pattern very clearly, but I've based it on a Kashmiri design. It's vines and lotuses —"

"Muddy lotuses."

"I'm afraid so, yes."

Her voice was flat and disappointed. She wanted me to go through that door and keep going. She had not asked where I was planning to stay. I had no place to stay! I suspected that she wanted me to know that I was no longer welcome. I had drunk all her wine and asked too many questions and tracked mud on to her hand-made carpets. People who live successfully alone live with elaborate rules. I had broken several of hers. She wanted me out. Worse, she wished she had never seen me.

And it was because of this that I knelt and untied one muddy boot and then the other and stepped out of them and walked across the room reflectively — making her wait — and then back to the bookshelves and said, "But what do you really think of him?"

"Dylan Thomas?"

"No." I could not utter my own name to her. I feared it might give me a sudden brain storm and that everything would come out. I tried to be casual; I wagged my fingers.

"Paul Theroux," she said.

I clutched my beard merely to make my head move in a noncommittal way.

"I've read practically everything he's written that's in paperback. The novels, the short stories, the travel books. *The Great Railway Bazaar* was the one that started me off. That's travel, but it's not an ordinary travel book. It's mostly him, so you feel at the end of it that you know him pretty well. He's wonderful on people. The men he writes about are very vivid — funny, too — but most of his women are pretty awful. Those stockings of yours must be wet through. You're leaving footprints on my floor."

It was a stone floor; my feet were so cold, my toes were turned up like Turkish slippers. She had not asked whether I was comfortable or invited me to sit down. She was too absorbed talking about this smashing writer, who was so wonderful on people.

"They'll be there tomorrow," she said, looking down at my footprints on the flagstone floor. And she smiled — it was not disappointment this time but disgust. "I hate feet." She was squinting at mine. "The Japanese are right. There's something really sickening about them."

Her words were about feet in general, but her manner indicated that she was talking specifically about my feet.

It was a winter night near Christmas; the fog and the sea mist lay thick against the coast; I was a stranger. If she had warmed to me, welcomed me or showed any concern, I am sure I would have been very direct. I would have told her my name, and then I would have left. If she had been hostile, I would have done the same, but for another reason. But she was indifferent to me. And because I was certain that I wasn't going to tell her my name — it would have been embarrassing otherwise — I asked her about this writer. What was he like?

"He's very hunky, very sexy, I bet."

"You're mocking me," she said coldly.

I was — out of nervousness, out of panic. And I was mocking myself. I wanted badly to interrupt her.

"I think of him as tall and rather shy. Very gentle and" — she smiled and looked away — "very funny. Not a joke teller but sort of endlessly amusing in a dry sort of way. And a little frustrated." She was not looking at me but, rather, was studying the man's books, the row of them on the third shelf. She said, "I'd like to meet him."

I had hold of my beard again. I said,

People who live successfully alone live with elaborate rules. I had broken several of hers. She wished she had never seen me.

"Sure, but what then?"

With defiance she said, "I think we'd have a smashing time. I think I could make him very happy."

Then she glanced at my feet — my wet socks — and looked at me with pure hatred. Her eyes were large and deep brown, and because they were turned against me, they were cold and beautiful and very fierce. They said, "Go."

I wanted to go. I walked again to the door. Rachel stepped out of my way. She moved slowly; she was thinking. She began speaking, as if continuing a thought that had begun in her head.

"But, of course, I'll never meet him. I'll never go to California or see Africa. I won't go to medical school. I'll never learn to play tennis or ride a horse. Bridge will go on being a mystery to me. The Queen won't come to my wedding, and even if I do marry, I'll never have children. I won't get an award at the woman-of-the-year lunch. I'll never have a computer or a motorbike or a Rolls-Royce. I doubt that I'll ever learn to speak another language. I won't discover or explore anything. Nothing will be named after me."

Now she glanced up at me. I had my shoes on. I could not have told her my name now for anything. She sounded sad. It seemed to me now that it would only make her sadder if I told her who I really was. Perhaps I could have once, but it was too late now: and I was very sorry, because she did not like me much and I still found her attractive.

"On the other hand, nothing bad will ever happen to me," she said. "No disasters. I'll just live. I'm quite happy, actually."

"You've been very kind to me."

"No," she said, and laughed carelessly. "I've disappointed you. But you know nothing at all about me." There was an unpleasant thought on her face as she turned away.

I wanted to tell her my name then, but of course after all that time would she have believed me? If she had, the truth would have looked like mockery.

"You'd better go." She spoke it like a warning.

Into the darkness: the sea-fog blinded and soaked me. I crept slowly down the soft sinking path. I wasn't able to draw an easy breath until I was back in the dim lamplight and the homely stink of coal-smoke in the road at Blackby Hole.

The Crossed Keys was shut, but I raised the landlord by rapping. Yes, he said, he had a room and he promised me a good breakfast. I apologised for arriving at such a late hour.

"We're used to it, being on the coastal path," he said, leading me up the narrow stairs. And by then we were under the light in the upstairs hallway. He looked at my face very closely.

"I know you," he said, in a puzzled voice. Was he too a reader?

"I was here earlier, having a drink."

"Yes," he said. But he did not smile. "When that woman was in the bar. Gives me the creeps, she does. That queer one."

Everything you say about her is gossip, Rachel had said of Mrs Pickering. But the landlord was still frowning at me.

"That killed her lover," he said.

"Mrs Pickering," I said.

"Mrs Pickering never hurt a soul! No, I mean that brute Rachel Haven. Ah, you're a stranger, you wouldn't know. Rachel killed her fiance. This was years ago. She was declared mental, and she got off. She claimed the bloke was a beast and she used a bill-hook on him while the balance of her mind was disturbed."

I tried to interrupt him, yet I had no question. I merely wanted to stop him talking, because I was afraid to hear any more.

"But there was another lover. No one knew the bloke. He disappeared. No one missed him. She's never hurt me — she don't like me — but she's death on men she loves."

And then in his friendly northern way, out of the side of his mouth, he urged me to sleep well.

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BEST BARS

(continued from page 89)

If you're travelling around Tassie, check out the Bottom Bar where everything's a tribute to bums.

celebrities. It's on a prime site on the tree-studded Esplanade where the original Pacific Hotel, known as the Raffles of tropical Australia, once played host to visitors such as General Douglas MacArthur and Errol Flynn. The Pacific Harbor Bar on the hotel's third level has a stunning dress-circle view of Trinity Bay and a lushly rainforested mountain range. Inside, the decor is a combination of cane and rattan furniture, maritime brass fittings, and tropical plant life. The bar was designed and built in Sydney, then shipped in sections to Cairns. With a lot of American patrons, cocktails have become a speciality at the Harbor Bar; try the hotel's famous Marlin Spike, with local rum, a dash of grenadine, and a mixture of mango and orange juice. Light background piano music sets the mood, which is friendly and informal; the rich and famous mix with long-time locals and casual visitors. During the marlin fishing season (September-November) actor Lee Marvin drinks at the bar, as does adventure writer Wilbur Smith. Bo Derek and her entourage were recent visitors, as well as a Saudi Arabian prince who flew in on his private 707 jetliner. The locals are mostly affluent but that doesn't mean this is not a "people's bar"; classy but without elitism.

■ **NICKLEBY'S WINE BAR AND BISTRO:** Hobart's bars and pubs have a bit of reputation for changing moods night to night, depending on the clientele and the entertainment. Nickleby's wine bar and bistro in the trendy suburb of Sandy Bay gets a guernsey for consistent patronage by many of Tasmania's finest femmes. It also attracts a fairly mixed bunch of drinkers from abalone divers to young businessmen. The bar is known for its lively atmosphere at night as well as on Saturday mornings, a great place for the morning after. Nickleby's serves meals, there's a fireplace that's terrific in winter and a beer garden and patio to catch a bit of sun. If things look a bit quiet in Sandy Bay, you can go a bit upmarket and head to Knopwoods Retreat. More like a club than a pub, it's great on Friday and Saturday nights and full of women. Again there's a fireplace and, like Nickleby's, it's renowned as a top spot on Saturday mornings for meeting people and checking out the local markets. Also known for its no-hassle atmosphere. For a bit of a laugh, if you're travelling around Tassie and you're on the north coast, check out the Bottom Bar at Ulverstone. Everything there is a tribute to bums: wallpaper, pictures, the lot!

■ **THE CLUB:** The Club in Collingwood is one of Melbourne's leading live rock venues. For dance and music action it's a hot spot where you can catch high profile bands who've made their mark on the charts, and the best of the newcomers snapping at their heels. And tucked away from all this physical energy is a celebrated upstairs bar, a rendezvous for smart people who are where it's at. Toorak trendies stay away in droves; most of them are not where it is at. The upstairs bar attracts the avant garde, the well-travelled people with a certain '80s style in attitude and dress, music industry people including the occasional rock hero, film people, models, photographers, young architects and fashion mavericks. The women are ultra foxy, ultra flamboyant. The bar gets crowded, yet retains the easy-going, laid-back kind of atmosphere with a good selection of music, imported beers, cocktails and funky barmaids and barmen who wouldn't look out of place in a Madonna clip. Owner and ever-present host is ex-Skyhooks guitarist Bob Starkey, who knows everybody and meanders around the crowded bar exuding bonhomie. If the drinking and gossip make you peckish, there is an excellent Japanese sushi bar with magic morsels to tantalise the palate. The bar has a strong core of regulars and is open until 3.00 am. Another great Melbourne bar is the cafe bar at Inflation, 60 King Street. The bar, the atmosphere and the people are very stylish, very new wave, very Memphis. The women are eye catching, some are stunning. The place is friendly, tolerant and occasionally given to displays of delightfully eccentric behavior. Two other bars worth checking out are the Capitol Wine Bar, corner of Toorak Road and Chapel Street in South Yarra, and the Tok H in Toorak Village, where the atmosphere is distinctly predatory, in the nicest sense of the word, of course. If it is girls you are looking for, wink wink, nudge nudge, they're not a bad place to start.

■ **SAIL AND ANCHOR HOTEL:** Any bar which has signs up advising patrons "Dogbolter Is Back On Tap!" and "Bottled Steam Beer Now Available" has got to have something special going for it. But then Fremantle's Sail And Anchor is no ordinary hotel. The grand 1854 construction has been extensively renovated and modernised but still maintains the flavor of the Victorian era. It is sure to be Perth's favorite watering hole during the America's Cup circus. The Sail And Anchor is a beer drinker's paradise. For starters it offers 122 different imported bottled beers! It is the only bar in Western Australia with Foster's Lager and Heineken on tap. It also has Guinness, Island Harp Lager and South Australia's famous Cooper's Traditional on tap, but the best thing about the Sail And Anchor is that it brews a range of its own Anchor beers right on the premises. These are premium brews with their own special characteristics. The aforementioned Dogbolter ale packs a wallop with an alcohol content of 12 percent. (Your average beer is less than five percent.) There is also Anchor Best Bitter, Milk Stout, Mild Ale and Fremantle Lager, all on tap. Like we said, a beer drinker's paradise. The hotel offers good English pub-style food in the bar, an excellent restaurant (Masons) upstairs, and live entertainment seven nights a week and all day Friday and Saturday. It is a crowded, noisy, gregarious pub and a favorite with women, who are just as keen on the wide range of beers as the men. Definitely a great place to meet the love of your life.

TIME, GENTLEMEN, OR ELSE

There was a time, gentle readers, when publicans in this fair land of ours would close their bars with a time-honored trilogy of last call announcements.

"Last orders, please," was the call 10 minutes before the official closing time.

"Time, gentlemen, please," the publican would announce at closing hour.

"Empty your glasses," was the ultimate warning signal that it was time to scoot home.

Ah, how things have changed. During our rounds to compile Australian PLAYBOY's Best Bars survey, we encountered a few startling variations on the traditional last call theme. There was the publican who got rid of a group of stayers at a country pub by hosing down the tables and chairs while they were still seated. Then there was the manager of a smart city hotel bar who simply turned off all the lights and left a bunch of business-suited boozers to sort out their own departures.

But the one we liked most was the overworked, clearly harassed bar manager at a Sydney seaside pub who simply leapt up on to the bar counter and loudly announced: "If you're not fucking the help, please leave!"

TONY GREIG

(continued from page 32)

I'm not sure too many people would have gone to the lengths Packer did to honor his agreement to us.

English didn't have a very good reputation for responding so I was very conscious of this when the Australians arrived. We put a big tent up on the back lawn and had a huge party.

It was purely a social event but there was a lot of stuff in the press about people talking in huddles and so on. Most of the blokes who wrote that stuff weren't there, although if they'd been there and been astute, they might have reached the same conclusions. *[Laughing]* In fact there were only about three Australians who weren't involved and I think they knew anyway. It had been a well-guarded secret which was bound to break soon and the Melbourne *Age* broke it at my place.

PLAYBOY: It's often been said since that the split in the Australian camp cost us the Ashes in '77. If, as you say, the other Australians knew about the Packer business anyway that can't have been true.

GREIG: It's hard to know but my feeling is Australia would have been beaten in any event.

PLAYBOY: It didn't take Fleet Street long to decide that you had "stabbed England in the back". How did it feel to fall so quickly from grace?

GREIG: It got to me after a while but I think I handled it pretty well. I was on notice of course. I knew there'd be an outcry, and there was. But I'd had a pretty good run from the English press, so I wasn't too worried. A much greater worry was how the Establishment would react. I think we felt they had the power to do anything, but it didn't turn out that way. And we found we had a powerful friend in Packer who was prepared to go all the way for us. I'm not sure too many people would have gone to the lengths he did to honor his agreement to us.

PLAYBOY: Was there personal abuse?

GREIG: I got a million letters. Swanton wrote a wonderful letter. He said: "I've always admired your ability to right a wrong. You've been nasty to umpires and you've always apologised. I have faith now that you will not become part of this circus and that you will tell this to that man Packer."

PLAYBOY: Did you reply?

GREIG: Not at the time, but I always fancied I would. I let it go then, but now he's getting on a bit I'll probably drop him a line.

PLAYBOY: Did hate mail outnumber fan mail?

GREIG: I think it was pretty even in the end, but I certainly learned that there are some boring people out there.

PLAYBOY: What were your initial impressions when you arrived in Australia to play World Series Cricket?

GREIG: Oh, I was horrified! I remember going down to Melbourne with Kerry to look at the pitches which were in a hothouse outside the ground. This was a month or so before we were to start playing. The technology seemed marvellous but it was hard to come to terms with. I had some reservations about the kind of wickets we were going to be playing on. The lights didn't worry me because the disadvantage was equal. But, overall, we approached it with confidence. I was always very confident that it would be only a question of time before there was some form of compromise without victimisation.

PLAYBOY: Was it a tougher grind than the normal English summer?

GREIG: There were some areas of it that were bloody tough. We were playing on country grounds that hadn't seen much cricket before, and on the country tour you were never sure who you were playing against. When you played major matches in the country you found yourself up against really fast bowlers on wickets that were liable to do anything. That was the toughest cricket I've ever played. In any event, at that stage of my career I'd gone through the brave 22-year-old bit. I was busily developing crash helmets with Denis Amiss. I finished up wearing a big motor cycle helmet that season.

PLAYBOY: Was the development of the cricket helmet a direct result of having to face up to the likes of Holding on country tracks?

GREIG: Well, there was a lot of encouragement from Kerry Packer in that regard, because he thought it was sheer lunacy to play against the West Indies anywhere without trying to protect yourself. We'd got to the stage of four bouncers an over. Kerry thought we should be trying to hook them but to do that you needed head protection. When Amiss and I started wearing helmets there was an outcry, of course.

PLAYBOY: As well as "stabbing England in the back" you were a coward to boot?

GREIG: I hadn't stabbed England in the back and I wasn't a coward, but the helmet was seen as an extension of the other WSC innovations, like colored clothes. They tied it all in and claimed we were going right over the top. They couldn't call us cowards, not when we had players like Viv Richards.

PLAYBOY: But Viv didn't wear a helmet.

GREIG: Well, that's true, but Barry Richards did. I can remember the Australians refusing to wear them because they felt they weren't manly, then Hookesy got cleaned up (by a Holding bouncer) and Kerry went berserk.

PLAYBOY: Was the travelling circus rife with tensions and conflicts?

GREIG: There were some tensions, naturally, but there was an element of camaraderie that you didn't get in the country versus country test series. We'd be on buses together and we had a hell of a lot of fun. I must say that I've never been more fiercely anti-Ian Chappell than I was during World Series. I had the West Indians on my team which gave us the best side, and that made it even worse.

PLAYBOY: What's at the bottom of the long-standing animosity between you and Chappell?

GREIG: I suppose the best way to describe it is a clash between two very different kinds of people. It carried on on-field and off. I've got no particular axe to grind about Ian Chappell. He was captain of the opposition, arch enemy number one. I didn't particularly like him, nor him me. That being the case, you never end up mates.

PLAYBOY: Did everyone breathe a collective sigh of relief when WSC finished?

GREIG: Not really, because most of us knew that it had a limited life span. The main feeling was to get on with the job. There were those who wanted to get back to playing cricket for their countries and there were those who felt they'd had enough. I'd had enough. The thought of going back and captaining England again did cross my mind, but I dismissed it immediately because I didn't think for a minute that I'd be invited to. *[Laughing]* No, I had no desire to keep playing.

PLAYBOY: When you look back over the WSC experience are there things you would have done differently given your time again?

GREIG: Oh, I perhaps would have looked more closely at putting the Establishment into the picture from the beginning, but no. There's nothing really. Nothing. I'm not big on asking for any quarter to be given. I still to this day believe that what we did was good for the game of cricket the world over, and if Packer hadn't done it some one else would have. Probably the South Africans. In fact WSC probably held up the rebel tours of South Africa by a couple of years.

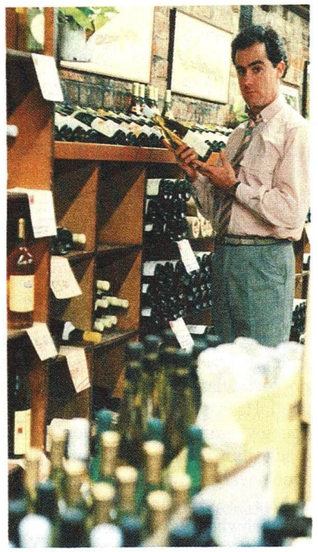
PLAYBOY: Were you asked to help organise a rebel tour of South Africa?

GREIG: There were always discussions. I went back to South Africa regularly and there were always talks about what might be done.

PLAYBOY: What was your personal view? Did you believe there should be cricket tours there?

GREIG: I always related it to blokes like myself. I believe I am a better person for my involvement with cricketers and others from the West Indies, India and Pakistan. I've always felt that, regardless of whether it's Russia or Libya or South Africa, if they want to play cricket, we should play cricket.

PLAYBOY: When you say you became a better person, do you mean that as a South



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African your eyes were opened to the injustices in your own country's racial policies?

GREIG: I developed a broader understanding. I became better equipped to turn around and say to South Africans, "You're joking, you can't do that!" I don't think isolation achieves much for individuals and I have great sympathy for youngsters born in South Africa who want to play cricket.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that all these years of sporting isolation have had the desired effect?

GREIG: There's no doubt in my mind that the sports embargo on South Africa has very definitely helped to get the whites thinking a little differently over there. I'm not too sure that they've mixed the carrot and the stick well enough — I think more might have been achieved if there'd been a bit more carrot offered — but at the end of the day there'll always be the question of whether any measures could have avoided the bloodshed and confrontation that now seems inevitable as a direct consequence of the policies the South African government has chosen to follow.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the sports embargo has run its course?

GREIG: In the general scheme of things I'm inclined to favor a continuation of sporting ties wherever and whenever they're possible. But sometimes you're better off not going. The rugby tour of New Zealand was ridiculous, you can do without that kind of divisiveness. But I think we all benefit from hearing the opinions of others, and on that score the sportsmen from the outside world have got a little bit to answer for in South Africa. Perhaps if they'd imposed their opinions a little more freely it would have helped.

PLAYBOY: What would be your advice to the members of an Australian rebel touring team?

GREIG: To mind their own business and play cricket on the one hand, and on the other to do whatever they can to try and persuade the whites that this color situation is out of the question. If they really need to limit the franchise, then it has to be on the basis of something other than color.

PLAYBOY: That sounds very good in theory but in practice surely you don't expect them to say, over a gin and tonic at the governor's residence, listen chaps, it's about time you did the right thing and gave the blacks a vote.

GREIG: I don't think it'll make much difference, but they must say what they think is right. The South Africans have to be made aware that things are done differently everywhere else. I mean, if you've been brought up in a cave it's a bit difficult to have dinner with the Queen.

PLAYBOY: Do you think the three-year suspension of Gooch and the other English rebels was fair?

GREIG: Yes, I do. It gave them the chance to come back and re-establish. There were people who thought they should have been banned for life, of course, but I think three years was a very big deterrent and yet they weren't lost to test cricket.

PLAYBOY: What about the Australian Cricket Board's attitude to our rebels?

GREIG: Well, at this stage we don't know exactly what it will be, but it's a very different situation here. There are only six state sides, and while they can absorb one or two players who are not eligible for test selection, you can't have five players in the team who can't be chosen. The main consideration of the ACB in respect of the rebels should be a selfish one. They have to look after the future of Australian cricket.

PLAYBOY: Speaking of which, how does the future of Australian cricket look to you?

GREIG: Well, in a way the South Africans have done Australia a big favor. Since more money came into the game here there's been a tendency for players to stay in it longer, even at Sheffield Shield level. Take a bloke like Jeff Thomson — he would have retired years ago but for the fact that he can almost make a living out of playing for his state now, so he's continued. I think professional players are the last thing Australia needs. You have to try and maintain that rugby union set-up where you have doctors, bankers, teachers, accountants and so on playing for their country for fun and for love. By all means pay them when they represent, but do not close the door on amateurs, because if you do, you'll find in a country like this that the game will go backwards very fast. Now, with this South African business we've had a big cleanout. The majority of the rebels are older players so this summer we're going to see a lot of new faces replacing them. You wouldn't want it to happen too often of course, but it could turn out to be a very good thing for Australian cricket.

PLAYBOY: Is there a real future for Sheffield Shield, given the poor gates it attracts?

GREIG: Well, it's the same all over the world. You have the international matches financially supporting the domestic competition, which always seems to lose money. I can't see anything happening to change that, and in Australia Sheffield Shield is absolutely vital as a nursery for test players.

PLAYBOY: Turning to the international tours this summer, care to make some fearless predictions?

GREIG: Against India it will be very important that Australia has a good five-man attack with Lawson bowling well again. India could beat Australia but it might come down to the last test in Sydney.

PLAYBOY: The match of the summer?

GREIG: Australia versus India at the SCG if it's turning. One thing we've learned from the English tour of 1985 is that the Australian spinners need assistance from a turning pitch so Sydney could be a very interesting contest.

SEX

Bettina Arndt, Australia's leading sexologist, brings you the latest sex news and views.

My boyfriend and I have been living together for only about five months. He is 25 and I am 28 and I love him dearly. We have a very healthy sex life. We normally have brilliant mental rapport, and are both learning to understand one another's emotions.

However, last night as I was sleeping, I was awoken about 3am by some nice clitoris massage. I became sleepily aroused, but still sleepy. I could've handled another hour or so of foreplay! Next thing I know my man is trying to penetrate me with a rather limp penis. I wasn't really ready for this — maybe a little bit of asexual affection would have helped. But I love my man, and I really enjoy pleasing him.

He managed to achieve an erection for a time while inside me, but was unable to achieve orgasm. After a lot of sweating and some pretty hectic sex, with a marked absence of tenderness and affection, still unable to reach orgasm, he withdrew himself and said: "Well, maybe now I can get some sleep. Been wearing myself out! Ha! Ha! Ha!"

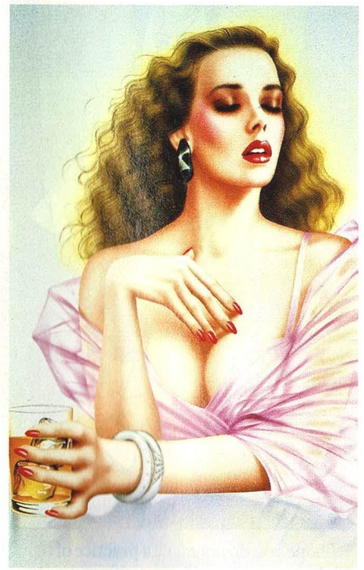
No consideration for me, not even any real communication. I felt like a piece of meat. Try as I may, I can't find any other way to see it, except perhaps that he was joking. Pretty cruel joke, though! Am I being over-sensitive? Perhaps I am too idealistic? Is there another angle that perhaps I've missed? I believe sex is a beautiful, intimate sharing of our physical selves. He agrees with me. Usually he is so attentive and affectionate. I can't help feeling disappointed.

Could you possibly suggest a tactful way to broach and discuss this subject with my man? Or should I simply try to forget the whole episode, and put it down to a one-off, or over-sensitivity?

— O.D., NSW.

Yes, sex can be "a beautiful, intimate sharing of physical selves" but it can also be all sorts of other things: a way of boosting a lover's ego, of making him or her feel desired; a totally unemotional, lusty romp; plain good fun and, sometimes, a means of relaxing and falling asleep. Sex can't always be that perfect blending of body and soul, and you will only set yourself up for disappointment if you look for that ideal experience all the time. What is fascinating about sex is its unpredictability — we are all doomed to sexual ups and downs and it's very hard to know why on some occasions we rise to glorious heights while on others the magic simply isn't there. That is not to say we should allow ourselves to be used sexually or should not feel free to complain when someone has hurt us by treating us wrongly. If you have such a good relationship, I don't understand why you didn't say something at the time to your boyfriend about his strange midnight seduction. If you, too, were sleepy at the time, perhaps the next morning would have been the appropriate occasion to ask him what he meant and to express your uneasiness about his attitude.

Still it's not too late to start talking about all those disturbing reactions you are experiencing. Pick a time when you do feel close and loving and then simply ask in a casual way if he remembers what happened. Don't make a big deal out of it but do tell him how you have been feeling. He probably has no idea you are upset about it and he can't possibly learn to understand you if you don't give him some feedback. I



doubt if the whole incident means very much — many of us are a little odd in the middle of the night. It's hardly the ideal time for sensitive communication.

I have only recently found out about your articles in Australian PLAYBOY. They have encouraged me to comment I am disappointed rather than amazed at the number of women who seem confused by the issue of oral sex.

I can understand that quite a lot of women will not come out into the open for fear of ridicule. I have noticed those who will wait for their boyfriend or husband to make a comment (usually something churlish) and act accordingly. Ah, the joys they rob themselves of in trying to please a yobbo.

I find my greatest joy comes from having a partner who is open, honest and sincere. I love it when a woman is happy to show me she wants oral sex. Just to have her lying on her back with her legs wide apart displaying the jewel of her sex to me sends me into ecstatic shivers.

I love the smell, the taste and especially the knowledge that I am giving her delight. I absolutely revel in placing my mouth over her mound, slowly sliding my tongue into her and then up over her clitoris. This effect is heightened somewhat if she is prepared to shave her lips. I have found all sorts of delights in all other aspects of lovemaking and much prefer them to the rigor and tedium of conventional missionary position "screwing" (the only word I can think of for a repetitive act) which some people seem to insist upon.

I have a fairly close rapport with five sisters and have many platonic women friends, all of whom are normally quite open in expressing themselves, but who, when it comes to sexuality and what they like, generally clam up with cries of "disgusting" or "yuk" or such, until they have "received permission" to be honest by a non-deprecative assertion from myself. Then comes the gush of relieved admission.

It would appear that a female unfortunately has to rely too much on a male for provision of offspring etc, and the fear of losing either his respect or bread-winning capacity forces her into the "keep quiet till it's okay" position. I am not referring to uneducated girls but to those who are tertiary educated (oddly one of my longest and hardest battles was with a down-to-earth biologist with work in psychology).

— S.P., Vic.

I agree with you that there are many women who enjoy oral sex and who are afraid of asking their partners to make love to them in that way. There are some pretty awful jokes about the smell and taste of the female genitals and many women are concerned about asking their partners to do something they may find distasteful. Many of us are a little uncomfortable about touching our genitals — it's hard to totally get rid of the notion that it is naughty or sinful. Plus all women are susceptible to the advertising propaganda trying to persuade us to use vaginal deodorants and hygienic sprays, campaigns which always imply it is all rather unpleasant "down there". The result is it is often hard for us to accept that a man may *want* to go down on us — as one woman commented, "If I was a man, I would *never* do it!" But since oral sex can be one of the most arousing forms of sexual

stimulation, once we get over such inhibitions, it really can be a very special treat. Part of the pleasure, I think, comes from the fact that a man making love in that way is totally accepting and loving *all* of us — and that's a very nice feeling.

I think you are also right in assuming some women fear the man may lose respect for them if they ask for a sexual technique which may still be seen as rather wicked by some people. And there are also plenty of men who do not believe what's good for the goose is good for the gander. They are happy to take, but when it comes to giving oral sex, they are far from generous. You are right — it's a confusing issue. Thank you for giving your views.

Six weeks ago I was deserted by the woman I love. It really is a puzzle: she told me she was seeing other men, but when I asked what was wrong, she said there was nothing wrong with me, I was a really nice guy, loving, affectionate, generous, kind, the works. She said I was the only man she ever knew who paid such close attention to her sexual needs and satisfaction and that I was "extra special in bed". So why has she left me for a guy who is physically out of shape and who "is a bit of a bastard sometimes" (her words)? He's about 40, she is 26 and very attractive; I am 33. I have offered support and forgiveness. She won't return but is desperately unhappy with the results of her sexual freedom. She now realises, too late, that lustful sex isn't a patch on love and sex. So infidelity wrecks yet another couple. People do get emotionally involved in "harmless" sexual affairs. It certainly hasn't done me a lot of good either!

— P.B., SA.

As your situation clearly shows, "harmless" affairs often do end up hurting somebody. The trouble is that sex, particularly illicit sex, is heady stuff and, unless kept carefully in check, tends to breed all sorts of emotional complications such as love, jealousy, ego and pride. Then there are always people around us keen on stirring the possum: telling the cuckolded husband of the wife's dalliance, forcing the wife who would rather not know to acknowledge what is happening. Amid all the emotions, people tend not to behave very logically. Your lady presumably had her reasons for going off with her tubby bastard at the time and it is extremely sad that that caused the break-up of what was obviously in many ways a strong relationship.

We don't, however, really know much about her true feelings for you. She obviously liked you, appreciated you and enjoyed you as a lover but her affairs suggest the relationship wasn't giving her all she needed. Evidence shows most women have affairs because they feel they are missing out emotionally in their marriage or primary relationship. It is rare for women to stray simply because they seek sexual variety or a taste of adventure. There are exceptions, of course, and women in their thirties, their sexual prime, can sometimes be responding simply to a sexual restlessness, an itch which has nothing to do with dissatisfaction with their marriages. Are you sure nothing can be done to save the situation? It's only six weeks — hang in there and if she's as unhappy as you think she is, she may realise what she's lost. Then you'll simply have to see if you can put the whole disastrous episode into the past and settle down to trust each other.

Occasionally I have rubbed baby oil on my penis because my girlfriend was not lubricated enough during foreplay. Could this be dangerous when I enter her vagina?

— D.C., NT.

There is no reason to be concerned about using a lubricant such as baby oil. It will not do your girlfriend's vagina any harm and certainly is better than some of the traditional lubricants such as Vaseline, which is far too sticky for this task.

I hope you do not make a practice of using a lubricant when your girlfriend is not sufficiently lubricated. Usually if a woman is not wet it means she isn't sufficiently aroused to commence intercourse. In this case, not only is it possible that intercourse could be unpleasant or painful for her but she is extremely unlikely to reach orgasm. (Of course, most women do not reach orgasm in intercourse — they need direct clitoral stimulation to reach that peak of arousal. But intercourse should still be enjoyable and this means some arousal is essential.)

It is fine to use a lubricant such as baby oil or one of the commercial preparations such as KY jelly as a means of getting things going — slippery wet fingers are far more likely to find the right touch than friction on dry skin.

Until recently I have never encountered problems associating with the opposite sex. I'm quite a good looking guy and have had numerous girlfriends, and since 16 I've enjoyed having sex. I thought I knew myself sexually but I've come across a stumbling block which has greatly affected my relationship with my girlfriend.

You see, this may sound corny, but I've fallen deeply in love with my present girlfriend who's 25. When having sex with previous girlfriends it always took me ages to climax. Having this ability to control myself gave me lots of time to play around and enjoy what sex is all about. Now I find I cannot control my feelings, and I become so excited so quickly that I immediately reach orgasm. I then get so angry because I haven't given my partner time to enjoy the experience and I find it hard to become erect again.

What really frustrates and depresses me is that initially when going to bed with my present girlfriend I could perform very well, enough to satisfy her every time. We enjoyed long hours of love-making, with my partner showing me many things, being older and knowing what she wanted. The relationship between us was like a fairy tale for about three and a half months because everything was so good, and all my friends envied me for having an ex-dancer with looks and a body to match. We were compatible in every respect; communication and sex were no problem. We were having sex on an average of twice a day anywhere and everywhere, and enjoying it.

What I think has happened is that I've finally fallen in love, and with this I've experienced a feeling I've never had before. I am so depressed because I can see how frustrated I leave my partner when I become excited so quickly. I know she loves me because she tries to comfort me and says a relationship isn't based on sex alone, but this only makes me more depressed. Now when we go to bed, she convinces herself that she's tired and doesn't want to have sex because of this. But I know she really aches for us to be the way we were.

— F.L., Vic.

Your story recalls the man who prided himself on being a great sexual performer and never experienced the slightest difficulty in responding whenever he wanted to. . . until he fell in love. Then for the first time in his life he found himself floundering, unable to get an erection. He was in a great panic wanting to know what had gone wrong. On the contrary, however, everything was right — he actually wanted to *make love* to his lady. It mattered, she mattered, and hence his body was just overwhelmed by the importance of the occasion.

The same thing is happening to you and, like him, you have to accept that the combination of love and sex is a very heady mixture. This isn't just recreation, it's the real thing and it *is* nerve-racking. You will get through this stage, as he did, *provided* you don't talk yourself into thinking you have a problem. It must be extremely frustrating for

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her to see you over-react in this way, but if she continues to avoid sex you will only make things worse for both of you. What you need to do is to *accept* that your body is reacting perfectly naturally to the heady rush of emotion you are experiencing. It probably will take a while before you calm down again and you must adapt your love-making accordingly. So what if you do come quickly? Just enjoy the experience. Making love for the first time is wonderfully exciting; you can then use the time between your first and second erection to explore all sorts of exciting new ways of giving her pleasure. You can really get to know that wonderful body of hers, and in the process you will find you have no difficulty becoming aroused a second time. It's all a question of accepting and enjoying what is happening to you, talking to her about it so she doesn't feel tense and confused, and just giving yourselves some time to adjust to this new phase in your relationship.

FULL OF BEANS

There's an old folk theory that if you put a bean in a jar every time you make love in the first year of your marriage and take a bean *out* of the jar every time you make love *after* the first year, there will still be beans left in the jar when you die.

Dr David Martin of Washington State University didn't actually count the times newly-weds make love but figured out with a calculator that, mathematically, the theory was "highly unlikely". Even if you had sex three times a night the entire first year and only once a week afterwards, you would still run out of beans in 21 years.

There is no truth in the assertion that anyone making love three times a night for a whole year won't survive the next 21 anyway, but what about those couples who weren't quite so interested to begin with and had given it up more or less entirely by the end of the first year?

USEFUL TRIVIA

It had to happen. Following the success of Trivial Pursuit, an American company, Scott Enterprises, has come up with a winning combination, sex and trivia. The new board game, Sexual Trivia, has been around in the US for some time and is still selling like hot cakes. An Australian company, Ventura International, has acquired the rights to produce the game locally and is gradually building up stocks to supply the demand for this popular product. In fact, for those already satiated they have just released Sexual Trivia II, a supplementary supply of questions for those who can never get enough.

The game is actually a great way of testing and adding to your sexual knowledge — and this is one topic where most of us still have a lot to learn. The questions cover all the latest sex information from the G-spot to multiple male orgasms. There's a cross-cultural section (do you know how the Zulus do it?), health and sexual deviations (a curious combination!), history and statistics, plus general sex knowledge. The information is remarkably accurate and, for all those parents feeling guilty about never having had the courage to talk to their teenage kids about sex, I'd suggest a family parlor game. It's the ideal means of breaking down some of the barriers which exist in families about discussing sexual matters, and I guarantee you will *all* acquire a great deal of vital information. Actually you may well find an intimate game between husband and wife will help you talk about things you have been dying to discuss together.

So here, for all of you who think you know it all already, are some of the crazier questions included among the 1440 listed in the game (answers given below):

1. Who was bitten by his wife's dog on their wedding night because the dog thought its mistress was being attacked?
   a) Al Jolson.
   b) Napoleon.
   c) Neither.
   d) Both.
2. Which testis usually hangs lower?
   a) Right testis.
   b) Left testis.
   c) Hang the same.
   d) They alternate.
3. Flicking the tongue back and forth below the corona on the backside of a man's penis to the base and back is called:
   a) Moth beating.
   b) Corona tickling.
   c) The butterfly flick.
   d) Beg for mercy.
4. The most important step in treating the premature ejaculator is:
   a) Watching TV during sex.
   b) Cutting off circulation to the penis.
   c) Assuring the male the condition is reversible.
   d) None of the above.
5. A French tickler is:
   a) Rubber or plastic tips containing projections that fit over the penis for increased female stimulation.
   b) A long feather made famous by the French, used to stroke the penis.
   c) People who like to be tickled for sexual satisfaction.
   d) A drink made famous at the Crazy Horse in Paris.
6. Vas deferens is:
   a) A new European punk rock group.
   b) Two long, thin cords which act as a passage for sperm.
   c) A highway in Italy.
   d) A muscular passageway lying between the bladder and rectum.

Answers 1d, 2a, 3c, 4c, 5a, 6b.

Please address your letters requesting advice or giving accounts of sexual experiences to Bettina Arndt at the following address: c/- Australian PLAYBOY, P.O. Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. Bettina welcomes inquiries but regrets she can't always reply to each reader individually.

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